Maine Farmer.

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Haying.

The copious rain last week, while it will put off the haying season somewhat, will add largely to the crop. The drouth was beginning to be quite serious for all crops, and old grass fields in particular, were suffering severely. But such fields already begin to show the good effects of the rain by thickening up at the bottom, and where before the rain, it appeared as though the crop would be hardly worth harvesting, a fair yield will be realized. Notwithstanding the discouraging aspect of things two weeks ago, the indications now are that we shall get nearly or quite an average of this to us, the most important of all our farm productions. Newly seeded fields where the ground was well covered, had scarcely suffered at all from the lack of rain, and on such fields a heavy yield of hay was well assured sometime ago. We have noticed also, as we have passed through the country that low meadows looked very promising, and if the season shall be favorable for securing it, the farmers of Maine will probably gather in the usual amount of long feeding stuffs.

The question as to the best time to cut grass is still much discussed, but we have seen no reason for changing our previous views often expressed in this paper. Mr. Sanborn, who has charge of the New Hampshire Agriculture College farm, and has gained some notoriety by his report of the experiments he has conducted, assures us that we have been cutting our grass too early; that its feeding value is increased by allowing it to stand and partly ripen. Still another class of experimenters with equal pertinacity advocate the "dried grass" theory and would have us begin our haying before the crop is hardly half grown in order to finish harvesting it before it begins to deteriorate. We have always advocated the mean between these two extremes. The haying season when we have good weather is now comparatively short, and there is no excuse for beginning the hay harvest before the grass is grown nor of prolonging it until it has gone to seed. The grass plant like all other plants develops all its rich juices with a single object in view, that of propogating its species by the production of seed, the first important step toward which is inflorescence. After inflorescence or the unfolding of the flowers, a change rapidly takes place in the plant, the nitrogenous portions passing up to form the seed and woody fibre forming in the stalk. At inflorescence then, is the time to cut grass to insure the most palatable and the most nutritious cattle fodder.

If the grass on a farm is in about the same degrees of forwardness, it is better to begin a little early than to be too late in finishing, but as a general thing, there will be upon almost every farm, a considerable difference in forwardness in different fields. When such is the case, it is very obvious that the early matured fields should be first cut, when by the exercise of a little care and judgment the entire crop may be secured at the right time. June grass should be cut early or it will be of but little value. When cut at the right time it makes excellent hay for cattle, but if allowed to stand and ripen there is but little nutrition in it and on account of its wiry character it is masticated with extreme difficulty. Bear in mind that the more promptly grass can be converted into hay the better the product will be. In the process of "making" grass should lose nothing but water, all nutritive elements being preserved intact with the least possible loss. While the sun is the great haymaker, grass should not be too long exposed to his scorching rays. When thus exposed, it is overmade, becomes dry and brittle and loses much of its good quality. Hay cut in the forenoon should be raked and put into the cock at night and covered with the hay-cap. If the weather is pleasant the following day, remove the caps and replace them again at night, or whenever rain is threatened. The third day after the dew is off, open the cocks, expose one side to the sun for a couple of hours, then turn and towards night recock and haul into the barn. Later in the season, it can often be put into the barn the second day after it is cut. By this process the grass cures in the cock, the stalk and leaves are elastic and everything valuable is saved.

In closing we would say a word additional with regard to the proper time for cutting red clover. This should be cut as soon as the first blossoms which appeared have withered and the second crop of blossoms have come out. Then the stalk, leaf and blossom make good fodder, but if allowed to stand too long the stems grow hard and brittle and are no better than any dry sticks. The leaves also will dry up and rub off in handling, and the residue, all that is saved is very poor fodder for any kind of stock. Clover should always be cured in the cock and if possible without rain. Rain on fresh cut clover does but little harm, but if exposed even to a shower after it is partly made, it will be badly damaged. A second crop of clover may generally be harvested in August, but it is not always best to cut it. Plowed under this second crop puts the land in good condition for wheat and is a cheap and effective way of fertilizing the land.

Among the recent sales of stock by Gen. C. P. Mattocks, proprietor of Riverside Farm, East Baldwin, we may mention the following: To Thurston Brothers and G. P. Bennett, Connecticut, the Jersey bull Duke of Shelburne whose portrait once appeared in this paper; also to same two cows and six heifer calves of very choice breeding, the finest lot ever sold from this farm; to a party in New York city, a young Jersey bull, some fine Berkshires, Cotswolds and poultry; to D. B. Soule, Freeport, a Jersey bull of excellent butter pedigree, also Berkshires to R. F. Chase, West Baldwin, J. T. Woodworth Bridgton, A. W. Prescott, Manchester, N. H., E. P. Gardner, Machias, E. F. Newhall, South Windham, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Chas. Perry, Fryeburg, A. P. Haywood, Houlton and to others. The Jersey calves were sold at double the present values of native cows. Nearly all the above purchasers are themselves breeders of thoroughbred stock, a fact which is quite complimentary to Riverside Farm, which is one of the pioneer enterprises of its kind in this State.

Potato Growth and Culture.

In the potato set when it begins to grow, there is a close analogy to the shoot of any other tree. The food composed of starch and certain nitrogenous matter is collected in the fall and stored up for use the following spring. In both, the buds lengthen into shoots. In the potato the buds are denominated eyes. A potato tuber therefore, is nothing more or less than a modified shoot, the only difference being that one developes above the ground and the other beneath it. A shoot of an ordinary tree when it awakens into life can draw upon its parent for sustenance and therefore tissues need not be gorged beforehand with stores of food, but the potato is as we see, cut adrift from its parent. The haulm (stock) and the leaves do the work; they accumulate raw material, which they convert into good food; they store this up in the tubers in large quantities, and this done they die. The tuber, however, lives on; and, thanks to the parental care, it has a supply within itself of the necessary food. Hardly have the eyes begun to sprout when roots are protruded from their base. The food stores in the tuber are enough to start with, but they are not enough to go on with, hence the young roots push out in all directions to forage for themselves.

All this time then, the young shoots are living upon the old tuber and they will do so just as long as its stores are unexhausted. But the history so far, will show how important it is to keep the sets in a temperature sufficiently cool, and in such darkness and dryness that growth may not go on till we are ready to plant and to offer to the young roots an independent source of existence so soon as they are fit to avail themselves of it. So, too, we may see that the practice which some follow of rubbing off the "chits" is so much waste; they will form again it is true, but a wanton injury will have been done, and time will have been lost.

But suppose growth goes on uninterruptedly; the roots which we have seen emerging from the base of the shoots grow, divide and sub-divide, multiply exceedingly, according to the nature and quality of the soil. The earth drawn up around the collar increases the food-supplying surface, gives the roots more range, secures a greater supply of air to the roots through the loose soil, and, provided it be not raised too high, is of unmixed benefit to the plant.

The eminently practical man may say that these theories respecting plant-growth, are all well enough in their place, but "how, asks he," are they to benefit the farmer?" We answer, in many ways. The more a farmer knows about the habits of the plants he cultivates, the better he is prepared to meet the conditions required for their successful cultivation. In the cultivation of the potato, the first object of the cultivator is to encourage free, rapid, and healthy growth of root and haulm (stalk.) The reason for this is obvious; root and leaf are necessary to the growth of the plant and essential to the formation of the tubers. Once provided with a good supply by means of the true roots and leaves, the plant sets itself to work to provide for the future. It may do this in two ways—by the formation of flowers, fruit and seed, and by the production of tubers. At the same time that the roots below the ground and the haulm above ground are doing their work, collecting and preparing the food, the tubers are gradually developing below ground on the subterraneous portions of the stem. What these tubers really are has been hinted at before, but it is clear now that they are underground branches destined to remain underground to swell and become stores of food for the ensuing season.

In the case and cultivation of the potato as with every other domesticated plant, we have as growers, not only to get hints from the natural organization and mode of growth of the plant, but from the way in which that organization and that mode of growth become changed under the altered circumstances of cultivation. The best cultivator is not he who knows all about the way in which potatoes live and grow under natural circumstances, but he who, from his knowledge of the life-history of the plant and his practical experience as a cultivator, knows how to make the plant adapt itself, not to its own requirements, but to the express purpose for which it is grown. With regard to the benefits of mulching to increase the quality and quantity of the potato tubers, there can be no doubt. Many experiments have been tried in this direction with the best results. Dr. Harlan in his work on "Farming with Green Manures," gives the following method: Sow clover and cut it early and let it remain upon the ground, when a second crop comes up cut that also and take the whole from the field and spread it over the field to be planted to potatoes. In the spring when it is time to plant, rake off the clover and harrow or fluke the surface and drop the seed, one piece to every square foot. Then cover, not with dirt but with the half-rotted clover. It must be covered ten inches or a foot deep to keep down the weeds. To harvest the potatoes it is only necessary to turn up the straw or mulch with a fork, and there are the potatoes all clean and ready to be picked up without any digging." By this method the Dr. claims he has raised nearly a thousand bushels to the acre.

Another way is to dress the ground heavily with stable manure and mulch with straw to the depth of nearly a foot. Of course it will take an immense amount of straw, but if the results are what Dr. Harlan claims, it will pay, for the straw when rotted can be turned under and further add to the fertility of the field. It will do no harm for farmers to try this experiment in a small way and carefully note the result. Dr. Harlan speaks of a crop of eleven hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre by means of the following treatment: "The acre was measured off and heavily dressed with stable manure. In about two weeks the seeds of weeds began to sprout up very thick; then the ground was again covered with manure and plowed. This process was continued for two years, that is, repeated manuring and repeated plowing, until the soil was as rich and mellow as it well could be. Then the seed was planted by plowing it in every furrow. Nothing more was done and when the crop was harvested it measured eleven hundred bushels to the single acre." We do not advise any one to try this experiment, and we only relate the circumstance as showing how the largest yield on record was produced. We doubt if under the same treatment, a similar crop could often be raised. But mulch over the potato hill is the best imitation of the scurf on new ground, and no ground will produce better or greater crops of potatoes than strong land just cleared and burned when covered by a thick scurf.

Secretary Gilbert's Report.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture, has just been issued from the press of Sprague & Sons, State Printers and is ready for distribution among the farmers of the State. A law of the Legislature limits the size of the book to two hundred octavo pages; the volume is therefore smaller than its predecessors which contain from four to five hundred pages each. The Secretary's Report proper, occupies less than five pages, and rehearses briefly, the work done by the Board during the past year, with a short report of the Maine crops. The time embraced in the report represents only nine months of the calendar year, three months having passed before the organization of the Board under the law of 1880. Two public meetings for reading papers and for the discussion of farm topics, have been held in each of the larger counties of the State, and one in each of the smaller counties. At these institutes nearly a hundred lectures have been given which treated topics especially appropriate to the localities in which they were given.

In relation to Maine crops, the Secretary remarks that the past year has been marked by one of the severest drouths on record in this State, and also outside our own borders. It did not, however, affect all parts of the State alike, and fortunately its greatest severity in any section was not reached till the cultivated crops of the farm had arrived to a degree of maturity, which placed them in a measure beyond its influence. Wells and streams were lower than ever known before and in some cases farmers were obliged to drive their cattle several miles for water. The stand of grass was remarkably good in the spring and an abundant crop was harvested, the only exception being in Franklin county, where an unusually heavy crop having been harvested the year before, it was not above the average. The grain and potato crops except in Aroostook county, were below the average; corn, except in exceptional cases, was remarkably good, and the apple crop was a bountiful one. Dairy products were shortened up on account of a short supply of feed in pastures. The quality of both butter and cheese is improved. The number of cheese factories since 1875 has been greatly reduced, there not being more than twenty-five in operation in the State, against nearly twice that number in 1874-5. Sheep husbandry and wool production are receiving increased attention. Agricultural Societies have met with a good degree of success in their efforts for the encouragement of practical agriculture. The exhibitions have generally been creditable and satisfactory. The State Pomological Society and Dairymen's Association, the Secretary thinks should have encouragement, and a support which shall enable them to go on in the good work so so well inaugurated and carried on in past years.

The first paper is on "Silos and Ensilage" by the Secretary, it being the same read in the Hall of the House of Representatives last winter; the second is on Cattle Foods by A. W. Cheever of the New England Farmer. These are followed by "Principles of Manuring" by Prof. Jordan. "Extensive Farming for Success, by Prof. J. W. Sanborn; "Apples for Aroostook" by Dr. T. H. Hoskins; "Butter Dairying by President Gowell of the Board; "Scientific Principles of Cattle Feeding, by Prof. Aubert of the State College; "Sugar from Sorghum and Cornstalks, by Prof. Coffier, and closing with "Washington County Farming," by Dr. A. R. Lincoln of the Board. An abstract of all these lectures have appeared in our columns in our reports of the several meetings. As a whole, the report compares favorably with those which have preceded it, and shows excellent discrimination and judgment on the part of the Secretary in the selection of subjects for his first volume. We invite the special attention of our readers to the two papers which come from the late College, the one on manuring and the other on cattle feeding, as being of great importance and worthy of a careful study. We also invite their attention to the entire volume as containing ideas upon various farm topics discussed from a practical standpoint, and calculated to be of great benefit to the farmer in following his high calling.

Notes.

A correspondent wishes to know how the cow we fed so heavily with cotton-seed meal last winter and with such satisfactory results in the flow of milk, is now doing upon grass, and we are very willing to reply. We continued to feed the cotton-seed meal at the rate of from two to three quarts per day, [the latter quantity for the last few weeks,] from the first of November to the first of May, six months, and during that time she gave seven hundred and ten gallons of milk which at twenty cents per gallon, the price at which much of it was sold, amounted to $142.-00, and her keeping for the time at 23 cents per day amounted in round numbers to $42.00, leaving $100, as the profit for six months. The cotton-seed meal was then stopped and corn meal substituted at the rate of four quarts per day. With this feed the flow of milk was diminished four quarts per day in two weeks, then steadily increased until the first of June, when the feed of meal was discontinued. She is now nearly eight months from the time of calving, is again with calf to come in about the middle of February, and her daily yield of milk now is fifteen beer quarts per day, with no feed but pasture grass. She is in excellent flesh.

Mr. Wm. W. Mason, who lives near Bethel Hill, is not only a good farmer with progressive ideas, but he is a butcher and supplies the village people with meat. Within a few years he has changed a very rough and rocky pasture into a fine field and has planted an orchard upon it. Before setting out his trees, he dug holes and buried therein the offal of the animals he slaughtered, including skulls and other bones, and above planted his trees, and thriftier trees we never saw. The soft portions of the offal decayed at once and afforded rich food for the young trees, and the bones decomposing more slowly, continue the supply. The garbage from the slaughter house is thus not only buried out of sight and beyond the reach of doing harm, but goes to nourish and build up the trees which in a short time will be bearing an abundance of fruit. Others can profit by Mr. Mason's example.

Z. A. Gilbert of East Turner, has sold during the winter and spring over one and a quarter tons of butter to a Massachusetts grocer. It has been taken on contract at Boston jobbers for first class creamery butter. This is a good illustration of the fact that intelligent attention to the business will reward the dairymen with liberal returns and satisfactory prices. There is room for the sale of large quantities of choice butter, and neither the dealer nor the consumer care that it comes from Maine, rather than Vermont, provided in all respects it is up to the desired standard.

It is a law of nature that low forms of herbage thrive on poor soils, where higher and better types could not exist. Weeds abound in fields almost destitute of fertility. —fields that could not support a blade of timothy or red-top. It is a rule that the growth of rich grasses does not depend upon sowing seeds, but upon management. Every field and pasture illustrates this statement; if the soil food is had or deficient, the inferior grasses will drive out the better kinds; if the food is good and abundant, the good herbage will drive out their rivals.

Very few farmers have manure enough for all the land it is necessary to cultivate, and few have the means to buy commercial fertilizers. The consequence is that hundreds of acres are cultivated at a loss. On three-fourths of the land in the Eastern States, it is a waste of time and labor to attempt to raise profitable crops without manure. The remedy for this state of things is the plowing in of green crops. In no other way can poor land be brought into good condition so certainly and cheaply.

President Gowell of the Maine Board of Agriculture informed us the other day that he had sown ten acres to Hungarian grass to supplement his hay crop. Mr. Gowell is engaged largely in dairying and this fifteen to twenty tons of dry fodder which he will probably raise, will be of great value to him. It would be well for others to profit by his example. It is late to sow Hungarian grass seed now, but next year will be a good time to begin with supplementary fodder crops.

Crops generally are backward but they are beginning to look thrifty, and a hot July and August will make "stalwart" corn, and develop and ripen other crops. Don't be discouraged brother farmers; seedtime we always have, and the harvest rarely fails in this fruitful land of ours.

The Monthly Bulletin of the American Jersey Cattle Club for May is received and contains pedigrees, Bulls—Nos. 4801 to 4840; Cows—Nos. 10,343 to 10,380. It is edited by Geo. E. Waring, Jr., and published at No. 3, John street, New York, at $3 50 per year.

Communications.

[Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

The Maine State College.

Commencement Day.

Your report of commencement week at Orono in your last issue, closed with Tuesday night, with the reception of President Fernald. Commencement Day proper occurred on Wednesday and was one of the most interesting and profitable since the college was founded. The weather was a little threatening, but at the appointed hour for the exercises to begin, the town hall at Orono in which they were held, was filled. The hall was beautifully festooned and decorated with flowers, evergreens and bunting. In the rear of the stage upon the wall was a large four-leafed clover in evergreen bearing on its surface in gilt the figures '81. Beneath this, in golden letters upon an evergreen background, was the class motto, "Progress." Upon the right of the stage was a massive bouquet of choice flowers; upon the left was an easel and palette of evergreen and flowers. Pendant from the centre of the ceiling was an evergreen horse shoe, with the words "good luck" wrought in daisies. On the platform were Governor Plaisted and staff, members of the Executive Council and other State officials. Music was furnished by Andrews' Orchestra.

The exercises were commenced at half past nine with music followed by prayer by Rev. Mr. Hanscomb. The following parts were then rendered, interspersed with music by the orchestra:

1. Labor, Alice Isabel Ring, Orono.
2. American Progress, Harold Mason Plaisted, Bangor.
3. Alchemy, Oscar Leroy Pease, Stillwater.
4. Growth of Representative Government, Edwin Winthrop Osborn, Pembroke.
5. Memory, May Lillie Ring, Orono.
6. Relation of European Nations to the Establishment of the American Republic, Walter Adelbert White, Greenfield.
7. Innate Tendencies, Clara Alice Libby, Augusta.
8. Progress of Mechanical Industries, Horace Flanders McIntyre, Waldoborough.
9. Agricultural Experiment Stations, John Barrows Wilson, Orono
10. Our Common School System, Oliver Cummings Farrington, Cape Elizabeth.
11. Mechanical Engineering, Henry Harris Andrews, Norway.
12. Man and Nature, Aidana Theodore Ingalls, South Bridgton.
13. Progress of Engineering, Charles Lincoln Moor, Hartland
14. Sheep Husbandry in Maine, Frank Swan Wade, Athens.
15. Progress of American Art, Henry William Brown, Calais.
16. The United States Constitution, Benjamin Franklin Murray, Stillwater.
17. Water Supply, Edward Holyoke Farrington, Cape Elizabeth.
18. Engineering as a Profession, Charles Henry Fogg, Biddeford.
19. Taste, Clara Louise Buck, Stillwater.
20. Higher Education, Roscoe Loring Smith, East Orrington.
21. Reform in Higher Education, Levi Augustus Wyman, Ellsworth.
22. Is Society Progressing? Fannie Eliza Colburn, Orono.

Osborn, McIntire, Wade, Murray and Wyman were excused.

Degrees were then conferred by President Fernald upon the following persons: Upon Henry Harris Andrews, Horace Flanders McIntyre, and Harold Mason Plaisted, the degree of Bachelor of Mechanical Engineers; upon Charles Henry Fogg, Aidana Theodore Ingalls, Charles Lincoln Moor, Benjamin Franklin Murray, Edwin Winthrop Osborn, Levi Augustus Wyman, and Walter Adelbert White; degree of Bachelor of Civil Engineers, upon Roscoe Loring Smith, Frank Swan Wade, and John Barrows Wilson, of the course in Agriculture, the degree of Bachelor of Science; upon Edward Holyoke Farrington and Oscar Leroy Pease, of the course in Chemistry, the degree of Bachelor of Science; upon Henry William Brown, Clara Louise Buck, Fannie Eliza Colburn, Oliver Cummings Farrington, Clara Alice Libby, May Lilian Ring, and Alice Isabel Ring, of the course in Science and Literature, the degree of Bachelor of Science.

The diplomas were presented by Gov. Plaisted as the names of the several candidates were announced by Pres. Fernald. Higher degrees were conferred upon Chas. H. Benjamin and Professor Walter Balentine. Hon. Lewis Barker from the committee made a report awarding the first prize for Junior part to Alonzo L. Hurd of Brownfield. Honorable mention was made of the parts entitled "The Growth of American Literature" and "Star Routes." Prize for Sophomore Declamation was awarded to Levi W. Taylor of Jay.

The Alumni Dinner was served at the Orono House a little past one o'clock, five long tables being bountifully spread. After ample justice had been done to the dinner, President Fernald in a neat speech said the great need of the institution had been and would continue to be—until supplied—more money. He looked to the State, —to the alumni,—to several sources,—for the remedy for the difficulties under which the institution now labored; from some source means must be secured. He welcomed the guests in fitting terms. Governor Plaisted was then introduced. Said he was a believer in the State College; believed in the institution as in no other in Maine. Blot out this and there's nothing to take its place—no place where boys from the farm can come and acquire a college education. Believed in a college course. A man who has the pluck to go through a four years' course will succeed in almost anything. Col. Robie of the Governor's Council, was introduced. He had felt the deepest interest in this institution. On all occasions—here and elsewhere—he had ever spoken in favor of the State College. This is an agricultural—a mechanical college—a fact which many are apt to forget when they leave the institution. If any avocation—any position in life—is desirable it should be the very thing for which this college was instituted. The majority of truly great men came from the farm, and they speak of the happiest portion of their lives as being during the days when they were engaged in agriculture.

Remarks were also made by Hon. D. H. Thing and Secretary Gilbert, Mr Reed and Mr. Haynes, graduates of the college, Mr. Farrington, a former member of the Faculty, Mr. Boardman, Mr. Burr, Lyndon Oak and others. President Fernald said that although not as much had been done for the college since the last commencement as had been hoped, yet it must be very gratifying to the alumni to learn that their long-tried friend, Ex-Governor Coburn, had put his name on paper for $10,000 for the benefit of the college. He believed others would follow, and that the fund which they are seeking—$100,000—would yet be raised. This announcement was greeted with prolonged applause. Mr. Wilson of Orono, thought it was unnecessary to say that he was a friend to the State College. He paid a high compliment to Prof. Fernald and his able corps of assistants. All that the farmers want is more light to become its warmest supporters. Maine, with "Dirigo" for her motto, has appropriated $3,500 for two years, while Michigan had appropriated a sum for a like purpose of considerably more than $100,000.

The exercises of the graduating class were held in the hall, and were very interesting. The members of the class are as follows: Henry Harris Andrews, Norway; Henry William Brown, Calais; Clara Louise Buck, Stillwater; Fannie Eliza Colburn, Orono; Edward Holyoke Farrington, Portland, Oliver Cummings Farrington, Portland; Charles Henry Fogg, Biddeford; Aidana Theodore Ingalls, South Bridgton; Clara Alice Libby, Augusta; Horace Flanders McIntyre, Waldoborough; Charles Lincoln Moor, Hartland; Benjamin Franklin Murray, Solon; Edwin Winthrop Osborn, Pembroke; Oscar Leroy Pease, Stillwater; Harold Mason Plaisted, Bangor; Alice Isabel Ring, Orono; May Lillian Ring, Orono; Roscoe Loring Smith, East Orrington; Frank Swan Wade Athens; Walter Adelbert White, Greenfield; John Barrows Wilson, Orono; Levi Augustus Wyman, Ellsworth.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes from the Penobscot.

Situated at Upper Stillwater is the farm of O. Rogers; this farm contains about 160 acres, is especially adapted to a milk farm, having good pasturage and an abundant supply of living water. Mr. Rogers has a few nice thoroughbred and high grade Durham cattle; also a nice flock of Lincolnshire sheep which he is taking special pains to improve. The location of this farm would make it a desirable place for some enterprising farmer who could make a good stock farm of it, as it cuts a large quantity of a nice quality of hay, is only two miles from Oldtown and two from Orono. I hear from Mrs. Rogers that he being out of health, would sell a part or the whole of the property.

BANGOR CITY FARMS AND GARDENS.

A pleasant dinner hour was passed with B. G. Shaw of West Bangor, whose farm is situated on the Hermon Road. This farm contains 175 acres and cuts about 75 tons of hay. Mr. Shaw is making a specialty of hay and has prepared his fields so that he can use the mowing machine and horse rake in securing his crop. He has now on hand from 30 to 40 tons of old hay, which he intends to press and sell before the new crop comes off. I saw at his stable a very handsome three year old colt, sired by a Drew horse out of an English mare. He shows some excellent points and with proper training might be quite fast. Mr. Shaw's crops, especially his grass fields, all look very promising.

Situated on the corner of Ohio and 14th streets, is the greenhouse, vegetable and fruit garden of A. F. Noyes. Mr. Noyes has in all about fifty acres of land but tells me he does not cultivate any except what is known as the homestead lot, which contains 7 acres all in fruit except about one acre, which he devotes to market gardening. Mr. Noyes is a young man just starting in the business and his green-house with its choice selection of plants and flowers of every description shows good taste, as well as some practical knowledge of the wants of the business he is engaged in. The growing crops were all looking finely at the time of my visit. The fruit trees especially promise an abundant harvest. Mr. Noyes tells me that he raised over four hundred bushels of apples last year, 25 bushels of beans, of which he has a choice lot, besides his small fruits, such as strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants, etc. Mr. Albert Noyes, the father of Arthur F., was one of the first movers in this branch of business, starting a few hot-beds on a small scale and raising a few tomato plants, cabbage, etc., which he increased from year to year, as his customers and the demand increased, until it reached its present capacity. I judge from what Mr. Noyes tells me that he is making it a financial success. Mr. Albert Noyes was for many years in the stove and tin ware trade, and by his industry and perseverance, built up a large and prosperous trade, which is still carried on by the Noyes Brothers, the old sign of A. Noyes, still representing the firm. They have a branch store in Waterville and are doing a good business in their line of trade.

On Court street is the green-house and garden of T. Allen, who for many years has carried on this business. Mr. Allen has a fine location on the banks of the Kenduskeag stream, has shrubs, plants and flowers, of which he has a fine selection, shows that himself and wife, who do the most of the work in and about the garden, are well skilled in the business. I saw here a choice lot of roses and variegated geraniums. Mr. Allen tells me he is to enlarge his green-house to give him room in winter for more flowering plants. They have all they can do in the season for delivery and transplanting. Mr. Allen says he had cucumbers the first of May.

On Veazie Avenue is the farm of D. A. Garland, one of the most successful farmers and gardeners in Bangor. Mr. Garland has about sixty acres of land, a good substantial set of buildings, and is in every respect a progressive farmer. He has for several years made market gardening a specialty, and a specialty of crops, some years running to cabbage alone, and others to squashes and cucumbers. This year his principal crop is onions, of which he has three and one-half acres, which at the time of my visit were looking remarkably promising. He has about half an acre of tomatoes, as much more in squashes and cucumbers, besides other vegetables, all looking very nicely. Mr. Garland has set within the last year over one acre to Sharp's Arctic plums, which, if they succeed, will give him an abundance of that favorite fruit; his young trees, both apple and plum, are looking remarkably well. Mr. Garland is one of those enthusiastic, impulsive men, who never do anything by the halves, but go heart and soul into whatever he undertakes. I shall watch his present enterprize with no small degree of interest, as I am especially interested in fruit culture.

I had a very pleasant call at the home of the Hon. W. P. Wingate, whose residence is on State street. Mr. Wingate was among the first settlers in Bangor and has lived to see what was then almost a wilderness, grow up into one of the smartest cities in New England. He tells me that 45 or 50 years ago, he built his house, cutting the timber within "a stone's throw of where his house now stands. He used nothing then but the best of pine lumber, which is just as fair and sound as it was the day he built. He has a good substantial house and outbuildings made for comfort and convenience, rather than for outward show. He has a very fine garden too, well laid out, not forgetting a nice plat beautifully arranged for flowers, showing that he has an eye and taste for the beautiful as well as the substantial. He tells me that he has a farm out on Stillwater Avenue, of about 75 acres, from which he cuts on an average 75 tons of hay and has cut 125 tons. He raised last year 100 bushels of barley, 110 of wheat, 140 of oats and 10 of beans, to mean crop for an old man of threescore years to raise, even if he did not do all the work himself. He says he would rather "wear out than to rust out." He tells me that for more than twenty-five years he was street commissioner and five years collector of customs. In speaking of the changes during the past fifty years, he says his old associates, with whom he worked, both in political, business and social life, have nearly all passed across the river and new faces greet him in the streets. Such is life. Mr. Wingate enjoys good health due largely no doubt to a temperate, well-regulated life; long may he live to enjoy the fruits of his perseverance and industry.

W. H. Strickland of the firm of Strickland & Co., lumbermen, has a farm out on Stillwater Avenue of about one hundred acres, which is especially adapted to grass, and cuts from 100 to 125 tons yearly of an excellent quality. Mr. Strickland tells me that they do not intend to crop their land, but use top dressing and raise hay; they use large quantities of muck, ashes, lime and plaster, all of which is a good compost for top dressing. In speaking of the business interests, Mr. Strickland remarked that the lumber trade was not what they had expected, but thinks lumbermen on the Penobscot are doing a good healthy business; a large amount of logs were cut last winter and the spring has been remarkably favorable to get them to market; business about the mills and docks seemed quite lively. An extensive business is done every year at this great business center of Eastern Maine.

J. P. C.

Bangor.

For the Maine Farmer.

Pure Bred Stock.

In our State we have all kinds of stock, good bad, indifferent. Better stock as a whole than twenty-five years ago, but sadly deficient except in few localities and few towns. This being the case there is more room for improvement. How shall improvement be had? By better feed. Farmers are feeding better than formerly. In witness of this note the increase in sales of shorts, corn, cotton seed meal and other feeds in the State. More provender has been fed the past winter than ever before in any one winter. The consequence is, cattle never came to grass in so good shape before. Cows never gave so great or so good a quality of milk. The one cow man has found how to double his cow power by feed. The steer and ox man finds "them steers" have paid to feed. Yes, feed is a good thing. It is a grand thing. It is an essential thing, but it may be thrown away essentially. This by feeding to poor bred animals.

But I started in to say that pure bred animals are the best ones for all purposes. What do you mean by pure bred? I mean those bred in a certain line without lapses from purity. Selections from selections kept up to fix certain desirable things and eradicate other certain undesirable things. This is what we mean. We mean thoroughbred—full blood. These and their grades—grades made by crossing the best thoroughbred blood on the best native or grade blood. These pay best for feed, whether the return sought is beef or butter. The State of Maine has taken a long stride in the past five years in the matter of feed. It wants in the next to take a longer one in the matter of more blood stock. We hail with delight the fact that the gentle, meek-eyed Jersey is creeping so generally over the State. But it is all too slow. Every breeder should have long orders ahead for every bull calf. Jersey bulls should be so much in demand that prices should double and quadruple in the coming five years. Every town should have several. These grand dairy hills and vales demand the Jersey. The growing demand for Jersey butter points to increase of Jersey dairy stock.

Also the Ayrshire, the Holstein, the Shorthorn, the Hereford all have their place and use. The State is broad and diversified enough to embrace, and need them all. To them feed will return its greatest utility. To the grand grades will it impart its fullest value, and milk, butter, cheese, beef all yield the greatest return. Good stock, backed by good feed is the grand want of the State of Maine to-day. Better sell the hay now consumed by that class—class too largely in the ascendant—of stock that does not pay its way.

Pure bred stock is the fountain from which we must ever draw the leaven with which to leaven the common stock of the State. We draw not so often as we should. We stand in our own light by so doing. How often bulls are used whose chief points are two horns, a tail and four legs; how often rams allowed to serve whose heaviest product is horns and hair. Look to it, brother farmers, that ye mistake not present convenience, old ruts and negligence for the better way.

J. W. LANG.

For the Maine Farmer.

About Bees.

The following article was received last fall and should have been published, but was crowded out for lack of space. Articles upon this subject, however, never come amiss, and our friend and correspondent will please excuse the delay. ED.

If you have a dry, dark, well-ventilated room in your chamber at a temperature of about 35° to 40° Fahrenheit, your bees would probably winter well in it. But as chambers are usually kept it is the poorest place in the world. Bees when left to themselves and the shape of hive and circumstances will admit, form themselves into a ball, upon the approach of cold weather. This shape retains the most heat with the least exposed surface. Warmth during the day expands the ball of bees out over the combs, and the cold of night condenses them, leaving a few each time to be chilled and frozen. In this way the bees soon dwindle to a handful or get destroyed all together. I have wintered my bees for years in a room finished in the cellar with cement bottom, ventilating on three sides into the chimney, the hives resting on a broad-edge in tiers one above the other. Sixteen swarms increased to twenty-four, furnishing also about four hundred lbs. box honey. This season, which has been rather a poor one, the twenty swarms left unsold have filled well for winter. Box hives I usually turn bottom side up for wintering in cellar, putting over them a double sheet of brown paper, or some coarse sackings; cellar should be dry. I once wintered twenty swarms on their summer stands, out of doors, surrounded on all sides except front and bottom with a foot thick of meadow hay, with a pile of hay on top of that; they did well, but no better than in the cellar. I am of opinion, however, that a little more warmth than bees usually get, of a uniform temperature, would be more conducive to comfort and profit. I am wintering bees in the cellar this winter, in a pile separated only by inch sticks and sheets of brown paper, leaving on the sheets of enameled cloth and summer cushions, the paper to prevent the hive above from soiling the one below. Paper also furnishes warmth by preventing its escape. Turn the cushions forward a little, ¼ inch on the back for ventilation. If this does not prove warm enough, cover the whole pile with old cast-off clothing of any kind, or even straw. See that the room is rat and mouse proof, kept dark, and report progress next year, if called for. I usually put my bees into winter quarters the last week of November, or just before the first snows. Put them in dry. Have hauled them in on a sled, several times in December. I had them winter well.

J. REYNOLDS, JR.

For the Maine Farmer.

Correspondents Notes and Queries.

I was pleased with your editorial on "Weeding." Hope you will give the farmers line upon line on that subject. In talking with a friend noted for the neatness of his gardens, he said the only way to get weeds out of a garden was to put them in a basket and carry them out. It all would practice that they would not have so many in their gardens. The frost of the 7th inst. was very severe; injured all kinds of fruit and killed early planted corn and potatoes. Potato bugs are plenty. Make their appearance as soon as the potato breaks the ground. Currant worms are numerous, but most farmers gave up to them years ago, and but few currants are raised here now. It has been very dry here, but little rain having fallen since May the 23d till the 19th ult. Some showers the past week have revived things, but it needs a soaking rain to insure good crops. Grass is very light. The drought of last year caused many to feed their fields last fall, and scarcity of hay led to the same result this spring. Should it continue dry the crop must be small. As editors are supposed to know everything, will you please inform me if at the cheese factories they depend upon rennet to coagulate the milk; if not what do they use? An answer in the FARMER may benefit others as well as your

Wiun. CORRESPONDENT.

Rennet is the sole dependence of cheese makers for converting curd into cheese. Other substances as alum, alcohol and various acids will coagulate milk, but they fail in the other important effect. The process of cheese making is one of digestion, resulting from the action of the gastric juice in the rennet of the calf, derived by steeping it.

Through the FARMER will you please inform me whether it is safe to use Paris Green on potatoes where hens run among them? G. TABER.

Vassalboro'.

We have no doubt that Paris Green is poisonous to hens when taken into the stomach, but have never known an instance where they have been poisoned in consequence of applying it to potatoes. Last year our hens had the free range of a potato patch where Paris Green had been used, and received no injury, we suppose because they partook of none of the poison.

I think an expert at destroying potato bugs without injuring the vines could find permanent employment in this town and vicinity for a few weeks at good pay. They are at least two weeks' earlier, as compared with the age and size of tops, than last year, and the increase in numbers is alarming, four to one. I found their eggs on thistles in my gardens not having tops enough for the number of bugs. I think a sufficient number of men who understand the business had better start out and make the business a specialty until the season for the ravages is past. Whoever will undertake the job may reckon safely on better pay than any business in the farming line has ever yet been paid. L. L. LUCAS.

St. Albans.

Please tell me how salt would work sown on grain when the grain is two inches high, and how much per acre; also how would salt do on pasture; would it improve the feed or kill it?

Richmond. R. SIEGARS.

We would not recommend the application of salt either to growing crops or grass. The time to apply salt is before the grain is sown, when it can be worked into and mixed with the soil.

We have handled several brands of salt and have finely settled upon the Higgin's Eureka Salt as the best. We use it in all our creameries and sell it to our trade.

J. H. BROWN.

Wellsville, N. Y., March 2, 1881.

Mr. F. A. Mayher, Foxcroft, Me., says: I am using 4 feet cut Meadow King with one horse, cutting thirty acres in the season. Easiest draft I ever saw.

Will some of your readers inform me through your valuable paper the name of some dealer in adjustable carriage tops?

Somerset Co. A SUBSCRIBER.

London Gilt-edged Butter.

In Dorset dairies says Professor Sheldon, the milk stands for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, according to the season of the year, and in some cases is skimmed a second time after having stood a second period; the cream is considered ready for churning immediately after it is skimmed, and during the hot weather is commonly churned every day, while in cold weather the churning is done only on alternate days. To this practice of churning the cream while it is quite sweet and fresh is owing, in a great measure, the reputation which Dorset butter has long possessed; the practice, indeed, presupposed the strictest cleanliness with respect to milk pans and other vessels used in the dairy, for without this primary condition the daily churning would be practically valueless. The old-fashioned barrel churn, with improved beaters, is commonly used in Dorset dairies, and after the butter is taken

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 7, 1881.

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Collectors' Notices.

Mr. J. P. CLARK, will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot county during July.

Mr. C. S. AYER, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Cumberland county during July.

The Stricken Nation.

We publish elsewhere the particulars of the attempted assassination of James A. Garfield, President of the United States. Amid the general gloom produced by this startling news, there is a gleam of light from the fact that this attempt on the life of the President has not the least political significance. Were there a suspicion of a plot or a conspiracy behind the madman who has raised his bloody hand against the life of our Chief Magistrate, then is our Government less secure than that whose capitol is at St Petersburg, against the foundation of which break unceasingly the black waves of Nihilism. Crazed by fanaticism and communism, hungry for office, this miserable outcast might have partaken something of the spirit of the recent political agitation; but that in this terrible act he represented anyone but himself, no one believes; and the stigma that would otherwise rest upon our country and its institutions passes away as a summer cloud. If assassination were contemplated, President Garfield was the last man in the United States upon whom one would have thought such an attack possible. He had made no enemies, he had done no wrong. Even the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was not so surprising. Occurring just at the close of a bloody war, with the passions of men at fever heat, ambitious partizans chafing in the midst of bitter disappointments, such an event might not be unlooked for. But the assassin's pistol was aimed at Garfield when the nation was enjoying an era of profound peace and unwonted prosperity, with no political disturbance at home or abroad of sufficient moment to endanger the continuance of that happy condition. All the circumstances constituted to give to the event the most mysterious character. In the midst of universal sorrow, the people have alternated between hope and fear. From the remote borders of our country, from every nation, tribe and tongue, have gone to that sick chamber and to the brave sufferer there, words of sympathy and cheer. And to Him who is enthroned above principalities and powers, to whom the mightiest nations are but as dust in the balance, have ascended the united petitions of a stricken people. While the first news was discouraging, the latest intelligence bids us look up from the gloom of night to the dawning of day. Danger has not passed, but the skies are luminious with the signs of promise. Whatever may be in store for the nation, we will bind to our hearts the brave words uttered by Garfield on the death of Lincoln, "God reigns, and the Government still lives." And the government will live *because* God reigns.

From the School to the World.

This is the season of the year when the institutions of learning of various grades are sending forth their great army of graduates. It is the season, also, when hundreds of these graduates, having dragged through four years of wearisome study, stand upon the entrance of the world—"the great big world,"—clasping with delicate hand the parchment tied with blue ribbon, wondering what they shall do for a living. The bread and butter problem meets them for the first time, and demands practical solution. They remind you of young goslins in a thunder shower without a shelter.

Because young men enter college who waste and worse than waste their time, and who instead of taking a college course should have picked up rocks in the pastures of the old homestead, levelled the forests, or swung a sledge hammer, it is no argument against the college or condemnation of any particular system of education. The late Hon. Warren Johnson, when Superintendent of the common schools of Maine, once informed a school committee man of obtuse mind, that "the province of the educational department was to furnish information, *but not brains*." No college, however well endowed, can furnish brains; that is the undeveloped material which the faculty has the right to insist upon in all its students. At this point the great mistake of many lives are made. A family having a dear boy, the hope and pride of home, paints his future with a roseate hue. They see their son reach the summit of the hill of knowledge at a single bound, and behold him filling an enviable position in one of the learned professions. The little earnings of years, laid up for a "rainy day," are drawn from the savings bank, perchance the farm is mortgaged, there is pinching economy in every department of home, in order to send this son two years to the training school, four to college, and three to the theological seminary, from which he emerges a blank, dreary disappointment — the whole world before him, but not a single place waiting for his coming. If the nine years spent at these institutions had been devoted to acquiring some useful trade, there might have been practical results, justifying all the sacrifices that had been made.

We maintain that an education, and the very best that can be procured, is desirable for any individual, independent of the position which he may finally decide to pursue. The man who digs in the earth, or builds a stone wall, does his work more intelligently and with greater comfort to himself for having a trained intellect back of his skilled hand. The college makes better farmers, more expert mechanics, more acute professional men, and enlarges for all classes the sphere of enlightened effort. The day has dawned when those who despise "book learning" are left far in the rear in the mists and fogs of old fogyism. But a great mistake is made when a college course is regarded as an end, and not as a means. A young graduate of Bowdoin, a few years ago, who thought he had reached the acme of knowledge when he made his graduation bow, lost a particle of his conceit when the venerable and learned President Wood remarked to him: "Young man, you have now begun to lay the foundation work of a fair education. I trust you will persevere." He had just fitted his mind for the reception of knowledge, and the whole of practical life, that which never comes to a man in the solitude of his study or in his campus walks, is before him. If a boy has a taste for study, an active, grasping mind, a virtuous aim and an honest heart, money is not misspent, time is not wasted, in giving that boy a liberal education.

While it does not belong there, we have noticed that an idea has obtained in certain college circles that manual labor is not consistent with higher education; and so for this reason the college graduate will seek a lawyer's office, at nominal pay; will bury himself as a third or fourth rate minister in some obscure parish, where the people will have to beg for his livlihood; will try to teach school, though he has no aptitude therefor; or think he has a divine call to edit a newspaper; will resort to anything to keep his hands clean, before going manfully to work on a farm or in the shop, where by energy and perseverance he may achieve success and respect. The price of success in this world of ours is faithful, patient toil; not brilliant and flashing genius. The fixed stars that shine every night give light, not the flashing comet that sweeps across the heavens once or twice in a lifetime. The world wants men who believe in that doctrine. It wants them on the farm, in the shop, at the forge, in the office and counting-room, and in the sacred desk. It wants all the adornments of life, but it insists on the manliness and shaping power of honest industry and energy. Then shall the culture of the schools make life better and higher than the toilers of the past have found it.

JIMMY HOPE. This professional burglar, not unknown in this State, has recently been captured while in the act of breaking a bank in San Francisco. Contrary to most criminal experience, he has continued his career beyond the age of fifty, and although he has been several times in confinement, and has for many years lived under the tension of continual pursuit by the police, he has not lost his nerve and daring, as do most of his class under similar circumstances, sinking from bold criminals to petty thieves and bummers. He has been many times associated with the daring and skillful burglars who have committed so many depredations upon the banks of the country, and who, with the exception of "Red Leary," suspiciously released for his connection with the Northampton Bank robbery, and Max Shinborn, who is living as a Baron in Germany after his escape from the Concord State Prison, are mostly in prison. It is not believed that Hope had any share in the Northampton Bank robbery, but from reputation, if not from fact, he is suspected of connection with the murder of Cashier Barron, at the Dexter Bank in our own State, and the robbery of the Metropolitan Bank in New York, and there are enough definite charges against him to condemn him to confinement for the rest of his natural life, even if he is not proved to have committed or been accessory to a murder. A term is due him in Connecticut for conviction of an attempt to break into the Deep River Bank, and Pennsylvania has also a claim for an unexpired sentence. He has displayed great skill in eluding the police and escaping prison, but the end almost always comes at last, and it is probable that he has now finished his criminal career. Such a man, under the necessity of avoiding the police, has no opportunity to engage in earning an honest living, if he should desire to. He must pursue his profession at the constant peril of life and liberty, and steal enormous sums in order to barely support himself; for the benefit of the plunder does not go to the burglar, but to those who prey upon him, the receivers of the stolen goods, the negotiators for bonds, and all who are necessary to enable him to profit from his crime or escape from its consequences. No success can make him rich, even if vice did not keep him poor, and with the rarest exceptions he is bound to be a criminal merely in order to live. What luxuries he has must be doubly and trebly paid for, and concealment and continual apprehension must rob him of every pleasure. And the only end he can look for is his death in prison. Burglary is the hardest profession a man can take up, requiring a skill and labor that would make a man independent in earning an honest livelihood, demanding a princely income for a meagre support, and inevitably ending in disgrace and punishment, and generally in death in prison. Heedless young criminals would do well to take a lesson from the life of "Jimmy Hope."

BATES COLLEGE. The following were the Commencement parts of the graduating class at Bates College, last week:

Salutatory,
Orville Henry Drake, New Hampton, N. H.
True and False Success,
Walter Paul Curtis, Auburn.
(Natural Science—Second Honor.)
Schiller, John Edgar Holton, Boothbay.
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)
The Eternity of the Past,
Henry Beecher Nevens, Auburn.
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)
MUSIC.
The Ethics of Evolution,
*Eugene Dunbar Rowell, Fairfield
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)
Our National University,
Charles Sumner Haskell, Auburn.
(Rectoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)
Vantage Ground,
William Blair Perkins, Lewiston.
(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)
The True End of Life,
Herbert Everett Foss, Lewiston.
(Class Honor.)
The Development of the Sense of Beauty,
John Henry Parsons, Eustis.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)
MUSIC.
The Strength of the Union,
George Lawrence Record, Auburn.
(General Scholarship.)
Robert Ingersoll as a Reformer,
Eddy Thomas Pitts, Lewiston.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)
Faith and Reason, Charles Albion Strout, Minot
(Psychology—Second Honor.)
Absence of Reverence in American Character,
Charles Sumner Cook, Harrison.
(Mathematics—First Honor.)
MUSIC.
The Critic, Emma Jane Clark, Lewiston.
(Psychology—First Honor.)
The Future of our Country,
Winthrop Jumper Brown, Auburn.
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)
The Secret of Prometheus,
William Prescott Foster, Weld.
(Class Honor.)
Valedictory.—The Method of Progress,
Henry Ephraim Coolidge, Canton.
MUSIC.
Conferring Degrees.
BENEDICTION.

*Excused.

Following were the parts at the anniversary of the Theological School:

Modern Agnosticism,
Lewis Woodbury Gowan, Milo.
Was Peter ever at Rome?
Josiah Moses Remick, Lewiston.
Progress in Theology,
John Quincy Adams, Bowdoinham.
Hero Worship in Church,
Gideon Albert Burgess, Providence, R. I.
The Atonement as related to the fatherhood of God,
Robert David Frost, Lewiston.
Symbolism in Worship,
Frank David George, Augusta.

The President on Friday, made the following appointments: Hannibal Hamlin, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, in place of Lucius Fairchild, who has asked to be recalled. Chas. Payson of Massachusetts, Charge de Affaires to Copenhagen, in place of Mr. Crane, transferred to Switzerland. George W. Carter of Louisiana, Minister Resident to Venezuela, vice John Barker, recalled. Walker Blaine to be third Assistant Secretary of State, in place of Charles Osgood, appointed Charge de Affaires to Denmark. The President has appointed Ex-Gov. Davis, Collector of Customs at Bangor, but the commission is withheld for the present.

A telegram from Paris announces the destruction by fire of the Kremlin in Moscow. The fire broke out in three places simultaneously. The Kremlin occupied the principal elevation on the north side of the river which flows through Moscow, and formed the centre of the old city. Some of the finest public buildings in Moscow, with cathedrals, churches, palaces and monesteries were within the walls of the Kremlin; the tower of Ivan the Great, rising to a height of 333 feet; the Cathedral of the Assumption, where the Russian emperors were crowned; the Cathedral of the Archangel, burial-place of the imperial family up to the time of Peter.

At the great boat race in Ottawa, on Saturday, Ross led by two lengths without any apparent exertion, Gaudier second. A lively struggle ensued for third place between Hosmer and Ten Eycke, both of whom rowed a plucky race. Hosmer finished about a half a length ahead. Riley was fifth, Trickett who seemed to be completely played out, sixth, McDonald seventh, and Schaefer eighth. Ross' time was twenty-seven minutes.

Vegetine is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers; for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people. — Methodist Clergyman.

Attempted Assassination of President Garfield.

Saturday last was one of the darkest days ever experienced in this country. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, the startling information was sent over the wires that President Garfield was shot and killed, as he was leaving Washington, at the Baltimore & Potomac depot. In its suddenness it was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky; men looked into each others' pallid faces, asking, "Can this thing be?" A gloom, like the shades of midnight settled over the community; fifty millions of people were sitting in the shadow of a great sorrow. Soon, however, the feeling of horror gave way to one of joy, on receipt of another despatch that the President was still living, and that the wounds were not necessarily fatal.

Particulars of the Shooting.

The particulars of the sad affair are these. At 9:30 o'clock, A. M., President Garfield had alighted from his carriage at the depot above mentioned, for the purpose of taking the cars for the North, on a week's trip, which had previously been planned. He looked particularly careless and easy, as if he had thrown completely off the cares and annoyances of state affairs, and looked forward to his three weeks' jaunt with all the confidence of a boy entering upon his summer vacation. Secretary Hunt and Mrs. Hunt, Secretary Windom and Mrs. Windom, Postmaster General James and the rest of the party had taken their seats in the car, while the President and Secretary Blaine were walking towards the station arm in arm. They entered the ladies' room and were just turning the corner of a seat when a man named Charles G. Gulteau, approached him, within two or three feet, drew a pistol, levelled it at the President, and fired. The ball struck the President in the back, entering above the kidneys on the left side, and he staggered; another shot was fired, the bullet striking the front of the left shoulder and passing out beneath the shoulder blade, when the President fell forward. The pistol with which the firing was done is a California weapon with an extremely heavy calibre, better known as a "Bulldozer." It is a bull dog five barreled nickel plated revolver, and very heavy. The handle is of bone, and four shots were still in the weapon.

The moment the President fell a policeman, who had been standing at the depot door, keeping the way clear for the President and his party, grasped the assassin by the neck, and as he pulled him out of the depot another policeman came to his assistance. Just after firing the shot the assassin exclaimed: "I have killed Garfield. Arthur is President; I am a stalwart." The policeman carried the assassin down Pennsylvania avenue, while the President was lying in the ladies' room. He was surrounded by Secretaries Windom, James and Blaine. Mrs. Hunt, Miss Windom and Mrs. James, were also standing near the President. About three or five minutes after the shooting, Dr. Bliss arrived with his instruments. The President was then put on a bed and carried up stairs, where an examination was made by the doctors. Dr. Bliss, after the examination, said the wound was not mortal, but dangerous. At about 10.30 the physicians decided to remove the President to the White House. An ambulance was soon in readiness and he was removed.

Secretary Blaine, in describing the scene, says that he was not going with the party, but came down to bid the President goodbye. He said, "the President and I were walking arm-in-arm toward the train. I heard two shots and saw a man run. I started after him, but seeing he was grabbed just as he got out of the room, I came to the President and found him lying on the floor. The floor was covered with the President's blood. A number of people who were around shortly afterward have some of that blood on their person. I think I know the man. I think his name is Guiteau."

An incident has been recalled which is considered as indicating that Gulteau was also desirous of shooting Blaine. The President and Secretary of State were walking away from Guiteau, Mr. Blaine at Garfield's right. Guiteau's successful shot was aimed at the right hip of the President, which almost touched the left hip of Mr. Blaine. If the bullet had missed one it could scarcely have failed to hit the other. Some of the witnesses also think that before he was seized he made a motion with his pistol as if to shoot Mr. Blaine, but that is doubtful.

S. Comacho, minister to this country from Venezuela, was present at the depot, and describes the scene as follows: "I had made arrangements to visit New York, this morning in company with four lady friends, members of my family. I was to meet them at the Baltimore & Potomac depot at 9.50 A. M. A few moments after nine o'clock, I alighted from my carriage and entered the station. After purchasing a ticket I walked leisurely about the depot, when presently I saw a carriage drive up and two gentlemen alight therefrom. I took little notice of them at first. In a minute I observed the two men were President Garfield and Secretary Blaine. The President and Secretary Blaine stood beside the carriage and conversed together for some minutes, when they walked into the depot. As they entered the depot the President and Secretary both bowed to me. I had just raised my hat, and was about turning around for the appearance of my lady friends, when I heard the report of a pistol. Quickly I wheeled around, and before me I beheld the staggering form of the President of the United States. I also saw the would-be assassin within a few feet of the President. He had a revolver in his right hand. His knees were slightly bent and he took two or three hasty steps toward the President and fired again. The first ball took effect in the President's right side, and the second one struck him in the back. When the second shot was fired, the President fell to the earth, and the would-be assassin seeing the President fall, turned and attempted to escape by the B street entrance, and hurried toward that door; and when the villain saw that I intended to head him off, he turned and ran to the opposite, where he was caught by a number of employees in the depot. When the President was shot, and when he fell to the ground, he spoke not a word, nor did his would-be murderer. It was quickly noised about the depot that the President had been shot, the doors of the depot were immediately closed in order to prevent the crowd from rushing in. When Secretary Blaine heard the report of the revolver, he sprang toward the door, but he realized that the President had been shot, and immediately ran to his assistance. The man who shot the President had a determined look upon his face, and did not resemble a crazy man. He was calm and resolute, and did not run away until he saw the President fall.

How the News Was Received.

The heart of the country almost ceased to beat on the reception of the startling news. Business was suspended almost entirely in New York, Boston, Baltimore, and at all the large commercial centres. Stocks fell, men with plans half accomplished left them for the time being, and partial paralysis seemed to pass over the business world. At Boston crowds gathered about the post-office and sub-treasury in rage and in grief until the news came that the assassin had not accomplished his purpose. In Brooklyn there was the most intense excitement; City Hall was draped in mourning, and grief was depicted on the faces of all. In New York city the feeling was equally intense. At Baltimore and Chicago business was suspended, and crowds surged and crowded about the bulletin boards. At Wilmington, N. C., and at Charleston, S. C., the news was received with universal expression of horror and regret. At Cincinnati crowds gathered and made the awful event the only topic of conversation. And thus we might go on speaking of the reception of the news in every city, town and hamlet of our domain, but the record would be much the same. A great wave of sorrow seemed to engulf the people. All political differences were forgotten, and there was universal expression of grief. Fourth of July celebrations, planned with care, were abandoned, and the people were never before called to experience just such a Fourth of July. True, the stars and stripes were floating, but the music of the bands was hushed, and the prayer of the clergyman was substituted for the eloquent flight of the orator. This was the case in our own State. Celebrations at Bangor, Portland, Lewiston, Hallowell, and other places, were given up. At Bangor the people met, appropriate resolutions were passed, and feeling remarks made by the venerable Ex-Vice President Hamlin. The voice of the newspaper press is also in one direction—the expression of the profound grief of a stricken people. Among the telegrams was this from Gen. Hancock:

GOV'S. ISLAND, N. Y., July 2.

To Gen. W. T. Sherman, Washington.

I trust that the result of the assault upon the life of the President may not have fatal consequences, and that in the interest of the country the act may be shown to have been that of a madman; thanks for your dispatch and for your promise of further information.

(Signed) W. S. HANCOCK.

The most feeling and gratifying expressions came from all the leading nations of the earth. The following official announcement was made by Secretary Blaine:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D C., July 2, 1881.

Jas. Russell Lowell, Minister, Etc. London:

The President of the United States was shot this morning by an assassin named Charles Gitteau. The weapon was a large sized revolver. The President had just reached the Baltimore and Potomac station at about twenty minutes past nine and intended, with a portion of his Cabinet, to leave on the limited express for New York. I rode in the carriage with him from the Executive Mansion, and was walking by his side when he was shot. The assassin was immediately arrested, and the President was conveyed to a private room in the station building and surgical aid at once summoned. He has now, at 10.30, been removed to the Executive Mansion. The surgeons on consultation regard his wounds as very serious, though not necessarily fatal. His vigorous strength gives strong hopes of his recovery. He has not lost consciousness for a moment. Inform our Ministers in Europe.

(Signed) JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

In response to this came messages from Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Italy, France, Spain, Norway, Sweden, and in fact all the nations, with scarcely one left out, while the representatives of foreign governments called upon the Secretary of State to express personally the sorrow felt by their people, and communicated to them by telegraph.

Vice President Arthur.

The bearing of Vice President Arthur won general commendation. His telegram was full of the deepest sympathy. Every one who has seen General Arthur has been much impressed by his conduct and the tender solicitude he has exhibited for the President. His fervent desire that Gen. Garfield may be saved has impressed everybody who has seen him. His interview with Mrs. Garfield Sunday evening at the White House, is said to have been very touching. He was unable to conceal his own emotion and tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks. He has been deeply touched by the cruel insinuations of some of the press which sought to create the impression that he wilfully remained away from the White House. The fact is he was very desirous of seeing the President, but the strict prohibition of the physicians that no one but members of the family be admitted to the bedside, prevented it. Mr. Arthur was summoned to Washington by Mr. Blaine. He has been in communication with the members of the Cabinet ever since his arrival, and has been governed in all his acts by their suggestions.

The Afflicted Wife.

How many hearts throughout the country went out to Mrs. Garfield, the wife of the stricken President. After her severe illness she had gone to Long Branch for a few days of rest and change of scenery. On Saturday, all of President Garfield's hopes and those of his friends centered in the arrival of his wife before his departure for the other world. She was expected at 6 o'clock, on the special train which Judge Advocate General Swain chartered for her. Word came while the President was enjoying a brief nap, about 5, that an accident had occurred to the engine, by which the train would be delayed. Great regret was expressed, but the President lived on, and at last his loved one came. She was driven rapidly toward her home in the family carriage. At the steps of the private entrance at the rear of the mansion waited Mr. MacVeagh, who was the coolest of the men present. He had been delegated to receive her and her sons and Mrs. Postmaster General James and Private Secretary Brown. The carriages drove up the carriage drive about 7 o'clock. Out of the first MacVeagh, lifted Mrs. Garfield. Her younger son took her in his arms and assisted her up the steps. She tried to bear up bravely, but she was terribly nervous with excitement and grief, and leaned heavily on the strong arm of her son. He assisted her tenderly, stopping on the landing to kiss her tear-stained cheek. Then she went on without further pause to the door and upstairs to the sick room, kissing the pallid cheek of her husband warmly, and breathing sweet words of cheer in his ear. She was far more cool and collected when she stood by her husband's bedside than the bearded men in the room. Those who saw those carriages drive up will not soon forget the fortitude displayed by Mrs. Garfield, who, for her husband's sake forgot her grief. Mrs. Garfield, although still weak from her recent illness, and shocked by the suddenness of grief which has come to her, has behaved since her arrival with a courage and self-control equal to those of her husband. Not only has she not given away to the terror and grief which she necessarily feels, but she has been constantly by the President's side, encouraging him with her presence and sympathy and giving efficient aid, so far as it has been in her power, to the attending physicians.

The Mother.

The news of the shooting of the President was broken to his mother Sunday forenoon at Solon, Ohio. "We have heard that James is hurt," said her daughter, Mrs. Larrabee. "How? by the cars?" asked the mother. "No; he was shot by assassin, but he was not killed," replied the daughter. "The Lord help me!" exclaimed Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Larrabee assured her mother that the latest reports were favorable. "When did you hear of this?" asked Mrs. Garfield. "Yesterday noon, but we thought best not to tell you. The news was not as favorable as to-day," was the reply. "You were very thoughtful, and I am glad you didn't tell me," said Mrs. Garfield. She bore up under the intelligence with such fortitude that she was shown the despatches received from Major Swain, Secretary Judd and Harry Garfield. She read the despatches calmly and said: "How could anybody be so cold-hearted as to want to kill my baby?" To the remark that the news continued favorable, she said: "I am afraid we are hoping against fate; it seems terrible." Sunday afternoon she dictated the following despatch to her grandson:

Harry A. Garfield, Executive Mansion, Washington:

The news was broken to me this morning and shocked me very much. Since receiving your telegram I feel very much more hopeful. Tell James that I hear he is cheerful and I am glad of it. Tell him to keep in good spirits and accept the love and sympathy of mother, sisters and friends. (Signed)

ELIZA GARFIELD.

The President's Condition—Alternate Hopes and Fears.

The President did not lose his consciousness throughout the entire fearful scene. Neither did he complain of much pain, but on being removed to the White House was able to dictate an affectionate telegram to his wife, who was at Long Branch, informing her that he was seriously hurt, sending his love, and asking her to come soon. The President was attended by Dr. D. W. Bliss, assisted by the very best medical talent that could be summoned to the sick chamber. At 11.30 Saturday forenoon, a telegram was sent out from Washington which bid the country take heart again. The condition of the President was much improved. Immediately after the shooting his pulse went down to 53, and his face as he was removed to the White House was of an ashen hue. His pulse had recovered to 63, and the color was whitening somewhat in his face. His general symptoms more than ever denoted very considerable improvement. The surface indications were certainly favorable, though it was thought best not to attempt to withdraw the bullets. A little after noon efforts were made to probe for the bullets, but without reaching them. At 1.20 the pulse was at 112, with some nausea and vomiting, and considerable hemorrhage from the wound. At 2.30 the symptoms were decidedly unfavorable, and the general impression prevailed that the President was failing. This sad news, with scarcely a shade of relief, was confirmed by each succeeding despatch up to 10.30 in the evening. People turned away from the bulletin boards to their homes with tearful eyes, feeling that the President was dying. But the bulletin of Sunday morning again revived hope. At four o'clock, Sunday morning, the President awakened, greatly refreshed, without vomiting since one A. M., having taken milk and lime water on each occasion, frequently asking for it. Pulse 130, fuller and decidedly more character; temperature, 98; respiration, 18. The patient was decidedly more cheerful, and amused himself and watchers by telling a laughable incident of his early life.

At noon, on Sunday, Dr. Bliss reported that the President's condition was admirable, and his chances of recovery splendid. At that hour Secretary Blaine telegraphed Ex-Senator Hamlin that the President's condition was, in the judgment of the physicians, encouraging, or at least hopeful. To Wm. H. Robertson, Mr. Blaine telegraphed, "He has never lost consciousness and courage for a moment, and waits the issue with more calmness than his sorrowing friends." The indications were very favorable throughout the day. Dr. Frank Hamilton of New York, and Dr. D. Hayes Agrew of Philadelphia, were summoned to Washington for consultation. After an examination, at 8.15 A. M., Monday, the surgeons sent out the following despatch to the waiting country: "The condition of the President is not materially different from that reported in the last bulletin (12.30 A. M.) He has dozed at intervals during the night, and at times has continued to complain of the pain in his feet. The tympanites reported have not sensibly increased. Pulse, 108; temperature, 99.4; respiration, 19." Drs. Hamilton and Agrew approved of the management of the case in every particular. At 8.30 his pulse was better, the temperature reduced, and breathing good. One of the eminent surgeons upon whose judgment so much was depending said: "It is not impossible for Gen. Garfield to live." Mrs. Blaine, who had just left the President's bedside, confirmed the hopeful story. It was now possible to faintly hope. Mrs. Secretary Blaine and Mrs. Dr. Edson sat up with the President during Tuesday night. Monday noon an extremely critical point was reached, and the doctors looked upon his condition as critical. His life was hanging by a slender thread. All now seemed to depend upon the movement of his pulse; if that should rise materially death would seem to be inevitable. The President's strength and cheerfulness continually surprised all about him. He was fully conscious of his danger, and resigned. "If his recovery takes place, it will be a most remarkable display," said a prominent physician, "of psychological stamina. Even with all the benefit of his temperate habits and healthy mode of life in his physicial system, the President could not have survived that wound four hours had his heart sunk or his nerve failed for a single moment." If he lives, it will, in the opinion of his physicians, be a victory of a good conscience, a temperate life and a robust constitution over the assassin's bullet.

Monday closed with the cheering intelligence that the President was resting quietly during the afternoon, and while they were continually nerved up, and prepared for the worst, the people went to their rest with strengthened hope.

Tuesday opened with the following reassuring despatches:

Executive Mansion, July 5—9 A. M. The following is the official bulletin just completed:

8.30 A. M. The President has passed a comfortable night, and his condition this morning is decidedly more favorable. There has been no vomiting since last evening at 8 o'clock, and he has been able to retain the liquid nourishment administered. There is less tympanites and no abdominal tenderness except in the wounded region. Pulse, 114; temperature, 100.5; respiration, 34.

(Signed) D. W. BLISS,
J. K. BARNES,
J. J. WOODWARD,
ROBERT REYBURN.

Surgeon General Hamilton of the Marine Hospital Service, the great authority on gunshot wounds has made a careful study of the bulletins of the President's condition since he was wounded, and has compared them with the record of all the notable similar cases in books especially the few very remarkable cases of gunshot wounds and wounded liver from which persons recovered during the war. It is his opinion, after examining the latest bulletin published Tuesday morning, that the President will recover.

At 11 P. M. Tuesday, appeared the following unofficial bulletin from the Executive Mansion:

The condition of the President throughout the day has been such as to give great encouragement to his physicians. The nourishment which he has taken at intervals has been perfect and has noticeably increased his strength. He has slept frequently and with apparent refreshment and the decrease in temperature and pulse has relieved all apprehensions of serious inflammation. The transient unfavorable reaction which caused so much uneasiness last night between 6 and 9 o'clock, and which it was thought might occur again to-night, have not thus far taken place. The favorable symptoms of the day have continued throughout the hours of the evening, which hitherto seemed the most critical, and this fact is thought by the attending physicians to indicate a substantial gain. At 11 P. M. the President was sleeping.

At midnight, the favorable symptoms were still maintained, and at 1.30 A. M. Wednesday morning, a despatch says: "The attendants on the sick room report no noticeable change in the condition of the President since midnight." All the physicians agree that there is great improvement in the President's condition.

In an interview Surgeon Gen. Barnes said: "The fever has not yet come, and we are preparing for it. We have not attempted to find the ball, and don't care where it is, because we cannot disturb it. We have evidence that it has passed through the liver, and that is all we know about it. I would not like to say when the crisis will be reached, because I do not know and it would be mere guesswork on my part. It will be, I should say, some days before we shall know definitely about the President's recovery, and everything will depend upon how his system stands the fever which is yet to come. One hopeful sign is his ability to retain nourishment. We give him chicken broth every hour if he wants it, a tablespoonful at a time. We do not permit him to talk, but occasionally he asks questions and his mind is perfectly clear."

The Very Latest—Despatches up to Last Night—Constant Improvement.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 8.30 A. M. [Official.] The President passed the most comfortable night yet. He slept well. His condition has remained throughout as favorable as when the last bulletin was issued. The pulse is becoming less frequent and is now 96; temperature, 98; respiration, 23. D. W. BLISS, M. D.
J. K. BARNES, et als.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 12.30 P. M. [Official.] The President remains quite as comfortable as at the time of the last bulletin. He takes his nourishment well.

D. W. BLISS.

In a telegram to Minister Lowell Wednesday morning, Secretary Blaine said: "The President had quiet, refreshing sleep last night. We feel greatly encouraged about him, but still extremely anxious for the trying days to come."

WASHINGTON, July 6, 3 P. M. The President's condition remains unchanged. The weather is extremely hot. They are now trying some method of cooling the President's room. (Signed physicians.)

4 P. M.—Symptoms continue very favorable. Among other favorable symptoms is the President's condition to-day is the fact that he is growing to find fault with his physicians because they do not give him enough to eat. He called this P. M. for beef steak, but he was told it was not prudent at present to allow him to eat it.

Description and Antecedents of the Assassin.

Gulteau, the assassin, proves to be a crazy-head, irresponsible fanatic, and communist. He is of French extraction, was born in Freeport, Ill., and is 40 years of age. Several years before he became of age, and while preparing for college at the University of Michigan, he conceived the idea of joining the Oneida community, and did so. He dwelt there for some years and finally left because he could not live up to the restrictions of the order. Full of anger he threatened to issue a publication exposing the peculiarities of that community, but he was prevented from doing that by an article written by the recognized head of the community, showing him up and squelching him completely. This was some ten years ago. Immediately afterward he entered upon the study of law in the office of George Scoville, a brother-in-law; in Chicago. He was admitted to the bar in that city about 18 years ago, but is said to never have had other than a small office practice in the way of bill collecting and such like small work, and was obliged soon to leave town. He has been travelling more or less throughout New England, with an "Hon." attached to his name, lecturing on temperance and other subjects, and always leaving his bills unpaid. He had a scheme to buy the Chicago *Tribune*, and asked for a loan of $25,000 to purchase it. He has long been considered crazy by his family, and a brother in Boston, a well known insurance statistician, says he has for some time expected that Charles would bring up in a lunatic asylum. His brother thinks that he really had no preconceived purpose to kill the President, but took a sudden notion to and fired the shots; that he may have become interested in the sensational fight at Albany, and conceived the idea that the President's death would elevate the Vice-President to the first place, and in some way decide the contest in favor of the "stalwarts;" and that he was "crazy" enough to take the responsibility of executing his self-conceived plot on the life of President Garfield; and that he was too unreliable in every way for any one to have intrusted him with such an undertaking, provided an assassination had been contemplated by conspirators. He has been engaged in several publishing ventures, always cheating the publishers.

Gulteau has been characterized as a chronic "sponge" and literal "dead-beat;" a man full of egotism and temper; of a profound sense of his own talents and importance; a man ugly, unreasoning, unreliable, dishonest and unscrupulous; a man so fond of notoriety that, being present when the President was shot, he might not have hesitated to claim the honor of having done the deed himself, if there had been any doubt as to the identity of the assassin. He was disowned by his father years ago on account of eccentricities. He has been considered a great coward, and years long ago always carried a pistol. He has borrowed money from relatives, friends and acquaintances, whenever and wherever he could, by false as well as fair pretence, and wherever he has been, has "sponged" his living from boarding houses and hotels, being repeatedly advertised as such a personage in local papers throughout New England. Guiteau was married several years ago, but quarrelled with his wife on account of his wild notions and violent eccentricities, and early separated from her at Washington, where he has been since February, he is known and described as a veritable "dead beat." He came clamoring to be appointed to the Consulship at Marseilles, but no notice of course had been taken of him. He has acted strangely at his boarding house, claimed acquaintanceship with Gen. Logan, who has ignored him, and has not paid his board. The Librarian of the Navy Department says Guiteau was a follower of Farwell in the Chicago Convention in his efforts to break the unit rule in favor of Blaine. He had recently expressed ill-feeling against Mr. Blaine. Dr. Hood, the medical examiner at the Pension office, recalls that Guiteau made application for a pension some two months ago, on representation that he was a soldier during the civil war. Dr. Hood investigated the claim, and the papers were filed with the endorsement "Insane."

It may be worthy of note to state that some two or three weeks ago Guiteau went to the Washington jail for the purpose of visiting it, but was refused admittance on the ground that it was not visitors' day. He at that time mentioned his name as Guiteau, and said that he came from Chicago. When brought to the jail Saturday he was admitted by the officer who had previously refused to allow him to enter, and a mutual recognition took place, Guiteau saying, "You are the man who would not let me go through the jail some time ago." The only other remark he made before being placed in his cell was, that Gen. Sherman would arrive at the jail soon. The two jailers who were guarding his cell state that they have seen him around the jail several times recently, and that on one occasion he appeared to be under the influence of liquor. On one of his visits subsequent to the first one mentioned, these officers say that Guiteau succeeded in reaching the rotunda of the building, where he was noticed examining the scaffold from which the Hirth murderers were hanged. The officer in charge, was an attendant at the old city jail at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln.

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at police headquarters:

July 2, 1881.—To the White House: The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume that the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I had no ill-will towards the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician; I am a stalwart of stalwarts; I was with Gen. Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists at 1420 New York avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail. (Signed.)

CHARLES GUITEAU.

Byron Andrews, who is the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, says that while it is true a package of papers is in the hands of the police, accompanied by a note addressed to himself (Andrews,) he has no personal acquaintance with Guiteau, and never heard of his existence until Saturday morning.

The following letter was found on the street shortly after Guiteau's arrest. The envelope was unsealed, and addressed:

"Please deliver at once to Gen. Sherman or his first assistant in charge of the war department."

To Gen. Sherman:

I have just shot the President. I shot him twice, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. Very respectfully,

CHARLES GUITEAU.

Gen. Sherman, on receiving a copy of the above letter, immediately answered, stating that he had ever heard of the man. The prisoner is described as of about five feet seven inches in height, of strong, though not stout build. He has a very wild looking eye and short-cropped, bristly hair, and has the appearance of an ugly character.

A reporter had a talk with Guiteau, Sunday. As the reporter approached the cell, the prisoner arose and peering through the bars anxiously inquired, "How is the President?" Being told that he was suffering great pain, Guiteau replied: "I am very sorry to hear that. I wish I had

Items of Maine News.

Daniel Wyman of Dover, has sold fifty horses in Boston this season, and for good prices.

Capt. Brainard, formerly of Farmington, and Captain of Co. E, 13th Vols., died in New Orleans of apoplexy.

The parting ode, sung on class-day at the State college, was written by Harold Plaisted, son of Govenor Plaisted.

Herbert S., a son of Jordan Preble of Bath, aged 19, was drowned Tuesday afternoon while bathing. His body was recovered.

John Hussey, about 21 years old, at work in Murchie's saw mill at Milltown, on Friday, was crushed to death among the machinery.

Mr. Owen Harris, an old citizen of Washburn, died Wednesday of cancer. He was a great sufferer, being completely covered. He was about 84 years of age.

Mr. John Haggett of Edegecomb, was severely bitten by a savage boar which he was driving one day last week. He was bitten in the side in three places.

A man sleeping in an office at Mechanic Falls, was made unconscious by a discharge of lightning Tuesday night, which came in on an "acoustic" telephone.

It is estimated that during the past season Messrs. Douglass & Co., and Pratt & Co., of Guilford, have purchased and sent out nearly 25,000 bushels of potatoes.

A little son of Mr. Daniel W. Winslow of Portland, accidently discharged a "magic pistol" in his mother's face on the Fourth, which was badly burned by the powder.

Mr. Henry A. Kennedy has assumed the duties of Collector of the District of Waldoboro' and has appointed Geo. Bliss Deputy Collector at the port of Waldoboro'.

The workmen broke ground last week on the Presque Isle Railroad. A commencement was made on the eighth mile from Presque Isle on the farm of Wm. Bishop in Maysville.

It is stated that a large hotel is soon to be erected at Old Orchard which will cost in the neighborhood of $100,000. The location is to be on the sea wall, near the foot of Union Avenue.

The carpenters are now laying the last floor of the cotton mill in Richmond, and if the weather continues pleasant, the masons will have the building ready for roofing in the course of a week.

Parties are arranging for the right of way to Brownville of the Bangor and Katahdin Iron works Railway, the opening of which will lead to the development of divers interests in Piscataquis county.

Some miserable wretch entered the barn of Mr. Paul Ruggles, in Carmel, Tuesday night, and cut the throat of a valuable cow. She was discovered the following morning, dead, the throat being severed from ear to ear.

Daniel Sweeny of Belfast, a brakeman on the special freight going north Sunday afternoon, was struck by an overhead bridge near Harwood's road, Richmond, and instantly killed. His neck and one arm were broken.

The Dennison Box Shop Co. at Brunswick, are preparing to raise the roof of their new building near the pulp mill, to add another story, and give increased facilities for managing their rapidly increasing business.

Mr. Harrison, the wonderful "boy preacher," is to have charge of the camp-meeting at Fryeburg, which commences Sept. 3d or 5th next. At one camp-meeting which he attended last year 500 were reported as being converted.

The horse A. P. Morris, lately sold by Mr. Geo. Bowen of Bangor for $3800, recently trotted a full mile on Naragansett Park, Providence, R. I., in 2.21 1-2, and at Buffalo he trotted in 2.18. There is good stock in Maine horses.

The annual convention of the Knox and Lincoln Musical Association will be held in Damariscotta, September 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. Probably Mr. Torrens, the successful Director of the late Maranocook Festival, will be engaged as conductor.

Four young men of Calais while out sailing on Sunday the 18th inst., capsizing the boat to which they succeeded in clinging for an hour or more when they were rescued from their perilous position in a thoroughly exhausted condition.

On the Fourth a boy, aged about 12, residing on Tate street, Portland, was dared by some boys to point a revolver loaded with powder at his mouth and discharge it. The boy wouldn't be dared. Consequently he loses a portion of his tongue, taken off by the wad.

One of the oldest persons in Montville, Mr. William Clifford, died June 11, aged 90 years and 5 months. Mr. Clifford moved from New Hampshire to Maine over 50 years ago. He leaves two sons and five grandsons in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church.

At the Northport campground, on the 28th inst. Mr. Isley Martin, of Union, a man about 42 years of age, fell from the roof of the Union cottage, and was struck upon the head by a piece of timber falling from the same roof. He was dangerously injured but is still alive.

On Monday evening about ten o'clock, W. H. A. Shaw was attacked in the streets of Bath by two men who demanded his money. Mr. Shaw being a tall, muscular young man, at once made a desperate jump and wrenched himself from the grasp of the would-be robbers and reached his home in safety.

The syndicate of Wiscasset has expended $20,000 in the purchase of bonds, at a discount of over 50 per cent. An effort is to made to raise a like amount of funds for the same purpose. The prospect of getting control of this onerous debt produces a better feeling and a more hopeful outlook for the town.

Some three weeks ago, Mr. Stephen Smith, about 45 years old, who worked at stair building, in a part of the Ditten Brothers' building, Portland, kissed his wife good-by, saying he was going to Bath to to collect money due him, and would be home that night. Since then nothing has been seen or heard of him.

One hundred and six boxes of eggs were shipped from Waldoboro' railroad station one day last week, the largest shipment ever made in one day. These boxes contain fifty-six dozen eggs, making the whole amount for that day six thousand dozen. It is claimed that more eggs are shipped from Waldoboro' than from any other town in Maine.

At Lincoln one-half township, on the 4th inst., a man named Geo. W. Brown, of Enfield, was instantly killed by the bursting of a gun. He had stepped our into the dooryard and was in the act of firing a salute when the gun burst in the discharge and a piece of the weapon entered the lower forehead between the eyes and passed out through the back of the head.

The Richmond Bee says the present indications are that this season's business at the shoe factory in Richmond will equal, if not exceed that of last year. Morgan & Dore have made 2,753 pairs of samples for the fall trade, which is a far greater number than they have usually put out. They have now about 350 hands employed, and their pay roll of last week amounted to $2,728. Their shoe shipments for the week ending June 30th, were 154 cases and 40 pairs, or 9,280 pairs.

Saturday noon while a crew of drivers were engaged in clearing the falls at Skowhegan of logs, Mr. Austin Eames, the foreman, was struck by the rope used in hauling out the logs and severely injured. Mr. Eames was busy watching the progress of the jam and did not see the rope when it gave way. He was caught by it and lifted some five or six feet into the air and then dropped upon the ledge below. Those who saw it supposed that he had been killed, but he will escape with severe bruises.

The building in Eliot occupied for the Post Office and a country store, and conducted by Brooks & Co., together with contents, was burned Thursday night. A barn near by was also destroyed. Loss about $4000; partially insured.——A block known as the "Printers' Exchange," in Biddeford, was burned Sunday, nothing but the walls are left. The upper story of the next building down Main street was burned. The buildings were occupied as follows: Printers' Exchange—Daily Evening Times, W. U. Telegraph office, Dearborn & Shaw, shoe manufactories, E. L. Cowan, loom and harnesses, L. C. Dearborn, laundry. The other building was occupied by C. Wardwell, grocer, Mrs. H. Charles, dining rooms; F. E. Libby. The insurance is as follows: Dearborn & Shaw, $12,000; Daily Times, $2,500; L. C. Dearborn, $2,500; E. L. Cowan, $1,000; C. Wardwell, $1,200; Mrs. Charles, $1,000. F. E. Libby, $2,500; buildings $10,000. The buildings were owned jointly by T. Shaw, Jr.; J. G. Shaw; T. Merrill; E. S. Frost; F. A. Day; the heirs of Thomas Cole; Z. C. Folsom. The Printers' Exchange was formerly owned and occupied by Ne Plus Ultra Collar Co., as a collar factory. Loss estimated at over $30,000.

Temperance clergymen, lawyers, ladies and doctors use Hop Bitters, as they do not intoxicate, but restore brain and nerve waste.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING. Thursday afternoon, the clouds broke in a tremendous shower at Portland. The lightning struck the solder factory of E. M. Lang, situated on the dump at the foot of Chestnut street The factory is a two and a half story brick building running parallel with Kennebec street for some distance. There are chimneys at either end, and two in the middle, one on either side of the eaves. The lightning struck the building in two places, by the same flash. At the westerly corner it passed in through the roof and wall to a piece of empty steam pipe standing against the wall. The current left the lower end of this pipe and burst off the belt in its passage to the shaft. From the shaft it went silently to the earth through the continuous metallic connections. At the northerly edge the current followed a metallic chimney to the solder room and thence through the brick chimney to the earth, scattering soot and metal, and part of this current doubtless followed the edge of the roof to the telephone wire and thence to the earth through the wire and instrument. At the instrument it melted a few inches of the office wire and scattered it forcibly about the room, and leaving marks on the wall near. Several great holes were torn in the roof by the fluid and the workmen had to work lively to extinguish the flames. In the solder room when the bolt descended, Isaiah Beasley was at work at the forge, or small furnace. The shock affected him but not enough to prostrate him at the time. He managed to get to the next room when he fell unconscious. In the office Mr. Lang and Mr. A. B. Winslow were sitting talking and the book-keeper was at his desk. A report like a field piece was heard. A little piece of the telephone wire was driven through Mr. Lang's boot into his foot but did not inflict any serious injury. All the men employed in the room next to the solder room were more or less affected by the shock. In the police office the telephone and fire alarm were full of electricity and the sparks flew lively.

At Biddeford, on the same day, the house of George Tate on Elm street was struck. The bolt seemed to strike a large elm tree which stood before the house. In its descent the current seemed to have divided, one part passing down the tree, the other entering the house. It entered by the side of a second story window. It shattered the upper half of the blind, which was open, and tore off several clapboards. It struck a sewing machine, taking a small piece out of the plate, and then disappeared from that room by the side of the chimney, making a small round hole. It made its appearance in the room below, where it made a small hole in the ceiling, shattered a vase on the mantle, tore off some of the furring on the chimney below, and then disappeared. In the next room to the latter, a young lady, daughter of Mr. Tate, was sitting. She was thrown from her chair by the shock. She was purple in the face when first discovered, but is now all right.

A house on High street, Deering, was struck on Tuesday night. The fluid struck the chimney, knocked it to pieces, blew out the funnel caps in the room, covered things with soot, knocked down plastering and nearly covered the bed in which one of the occupants of the house was sleeping. The current followed a rafter and came out eight feet from the spot it entered. Mr. Solomon Shine went out to the stable to look after his horse, when the sharp flash of the lightning frightened the animal and it gave a kick, striking Mr. Shine on the side. Luckily it was a glancing blow, and did not inflict severe injury, but it smashed a $150 gold watch in his pocket all to pieces.

Capt. Eben Brewer's barn in Freeport, during the shower Tuesday night was struck by lightning and burned, together with six tons of pressed hay and farming tools. A yoke of nice oxen was killed in the barn. The whole loss will not fall much short of $900. Insured for $300.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. The Free Will Baptists of Waterville, have engaged Rev. James Boyd as preacher, and will hold meetings in Matthews' Hall regularly hereafter.——The Rockland District Ministerial Association was in session in Boothbay Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the following Rev. gentlemen being present: The Presiding Elder, and Messrs. Dunn, Howard, Smith, Wentworth, Clifford, Eldridge, Jewell and others. The Association held three sessions each day, and all were very profitable and interesting, all attended.——There were preaching and a baptism by Rev. Mr. House at Sandy Beach, East Sebago, last Sabbath.——At Brunswick, on Sunday of last week, Rev. Mr. Rogers, Methodist, baptized three persons by immerson, and Rev. Mr. Fisher, Congregationalist, baptized five little ones by sprinkling.——The Baptists of Washburn, have secured the services of Rev. Mr. Harington.——The Congregationalist church edifice at Warren is to be reconstructed.——The circuit of Universalist churches, consisting of Wilton, East Wilton, Bean's Corner, North Jay and East Dixfield, has extended a unanimous invitation to Rev. O. H. Johnson of Jay Hill, to become its pastor. He has accepted and entered on the duties of his new field last Sunday.——Ground has been broken for a Disciple's church at East Machias on the Foster lot in rear of the Academy lot, building to be 34x40 feet on the ground.——Rev. George Illsley was installed pastor of the Columbia street Baptist church, Bangor, Thursday evening. The sermon was by Rev. F. W. Bakeman of Auburn.——Rev. C. J. H. Ropes, pastor of the Congregational church at Ellsworth, has been unanimously elected to the Professorship of Hebrew at the Bangor Theological Seminary.——Rev. G. S. Ricker, formerly pastor of the Free Baptist church, Richmond, administered the ordinance to six candidates last Sunday.——Rev. M. W. Prince, pastor of Grace Methodist church at Haverhill, Mass., has accepted the call of the Eastern Maine Central Seminary at Bucksport, to be principal.——The Methodist church in Buckfield, was dedicated June 29th, the sermon being preached by Rev. H. W. Bolton, D. D., of Boston.——J. Q. Adams, who has just graduated from Bates Theological School, will settle at South Parsonsfield.——Work on the new Baptist meeting house in Harrington, will begin at once.——Arrangements have been made by the Universalist society at West Paris to have preaching through the summer season; Rev. A. Hill preaching the first Sunday in the month and Rev. L. H. Tabor the fourth.——The Advent meetings at the union tent in Richmond, have been fairly attended during the past week.

Among the finest magazines for July stands SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS. An unusually interesting group of pictures appears in the Monthly for the present month, in an article on "The Younger Painters of America." The first picture is by Mr. Sargent, a pupil of Carolus Duran, who has just taken a prize in the French salon. Then follow Maynard's portrait of Frank D. Millet, and pictures by Tiffany, Douglas Volk, Maria R. Oakey, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Bartol, Miss Knowlton and Miss Cassatt. St. Nicholas contains many brilliant features for vacation time, including chapters of two capital serials for boys by Rossitur Johnson and W. O. Stoddard; "How to Stock and Keep a Fresh-Water Aquarium;" a full page portrait of Dengremont, the boy violinist; "Stories of Art and Artists," with some exquisite reproductions, etc. The name of the corporation formerly known as Scribner & Co., has been changed to "The Century Company." The address is 743 Broadway, N. Y.

The entire contents of the July number of LIPPINCOTT'S Magazine is especially suitable for summer reading, and begins the second volume of the new series. In packing the trunk for mountain and seaside a place will be found for this incomparable magazine. The illustrations are numerous, finely executed and exceedingly attractive.

A PHYSICIAN'S REPORT.

Many physicians are using Compound Oxygen in their practice, and with remarkable success. One of them writes: "My patient has now been under treatment about four weeks. His condition *at the time of beginning the Treatment was very unfavorable indeed*; he was very feeble, severe cough, expectorating pus in considerable quantity; he suffered with night-sweats; all of his friends considered his case as hopeless. *Every symptom has improved; his cough is very much better; his strength and general appearance has improved a hundred per cent.; in fact he has the appearance of a new man.*" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, *sent free*. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1100 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I would give more for a bottle of Elixir of Life Root than for a barrel of any other patent medicine in the market, said a prominent Physician the other day. That Doctor knew what he was talking about.

CANVASSERS make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms. 1y43

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, July 6.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 4006; sheep and lambs, 4836; swine, 14,-169; veals, 183; number of western cattle, 460; eastern cattle, 74; milch cows and northern cattle, 137.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $6 37½@6 75; first, $5 62½@6 25; second, $5 12½@5 50; third, $4 50@5 00; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 62½@4 37½.

Brighton Hides—8½@9c per lb.

Brighton Tallow—5½c per lb.

Country Hides—7½@7¾c per lb.

Country Tallow—4@4½c per lb.

Calf Skins—12½@13c per lb.

Lamb Skins—50@75c each.

Sheared Sheep Skins 35@50c each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

A. N. Monroe	16	6 70	L. W.	1380
do	16	6 55	"	1400
do	16	6 30	"	1308
do	16	6 15	"	1300
do	16	6 00	"	1125
do	13	6 25	"	1362
do	17	6 50	"	1457
do	16	5 87½	"	1083
do	16	5 85	"	1120
do	14	5 62½	"	1062
do	16	5 25	"	896
do	17	5 05	"	891
C. Leavitt & Son	14	6 35	"	1343
do	11	6 40	"	1231
do	10	6 10	"	1200
do	6	6 65	"	1225
E. Farrell	9	6 50	"	1337
do	6	6 00	"	1225
do	2	6 12½	"	1250
J B Cook & Co	8	5 90	"	1100
do	6	5 75	"	1110
do	10	5 35	"	1025
Fitch & Eames	11	6 10	"	1220
do	13	6 10	"	1148
do	12	5 87½	"	1159
do	6	6 00	"	1100
J. Stetson & Co.	13	6 20	"	1352
do	10	6 12½	"	1275
do	8	6 35	"	1222

Trade for Western Beef Cattle has not varied much from one week ago. The quality of the offerings was of a good grade, and quite a large number of the best Cattle were bought by parties for shipment to the English markets. Prices for the best Beeves ruled at 6¾@6¾c per lb live weight. There were a few light Cattle sold as low as $5 05 and $5 25 per 100 lbs live weight, but the larger portion of sales ranged from 5¾@6¾c per lb live weight. From Maine there were a few heavy Beef Cattle and a fair supply of Milch Cows brought in.

Milch Cows—Extra $55@70; ordinary $20@50; springers $18@60; farrow Cows $16@28. We quote the sales of 1 springer for $60; 1 milch Cow $35; 1 do., $40; 1 Cow and Calf $45; 2 new milch Cows for $90; 4 new milch cows $133 for the lot; new milch Cow $34.

Sheep and Lambs—Those from the West cost landed at Abbattoir from 5¼@5½c per lb, live weight, all owned by G. W. Hollis except a few for shipment to Europe.

Working Oxen—At present the trade is limited to a few pairs each week. Trade for working oxen will revive as soon as cattle commence coming in more plentifully from Maine and northern states.

Store Cattle—With the exception of milch Cows there are but a very few small cattle brought into the market until later in the season. Many of the cows that are in a fair condition are bought up by butchers to slaughter.

Veal Calves—Those from Maine sold at $7@7 25 per head. Good Veal Calves were worth from 5@6¾c per lb. live weight, this week.

Swine—Fat hogs 6½@7c per pound live weight; spring pigs $2@5 50 per head. Only a few Store pigs in the market.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, July 5.

BEEF CATTLE—Receipts 936 head; moderate demand for beef cattle; no material change in prices; sales of beef cattle—choice at $8 50@9 00; extra at $7 25@8 00; first quality at $6 00@6 75; second quality at $5 00@5 50; third at $4 00@4 75.

STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair at $100@165; milch cows and calves at $20@44; farrow cows at $15@30; fancy cows $50@65; yearling $7@12; two years, $13@24; three years, $20@45.

SWINE—Northern dressed hogs at 8c; Western fat swine, live, 6¾@7c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts 2986 heads, market slightly better with rise of ¼; sales of sheep in lots at $2 50@5 00 each; extra $5 25@5 75; Spring lambs 7¼@9¼; Veal calves 3@6¼.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 6.

APPLES—Dried 4½@5; evaporated 10@12c; green out of market.

BARLEY—60@65c.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 30@2 35; Yellow Eyes $1 90@2 00.

BUTTER—Good Butter sells for 14@20c.

CHEESE—New 9@11c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 55@1 60 per hundred.

EARLY VEGETABLES—Turnips per 8c bunch; Lettuce 6@8c a head; rheubarb 2c a pound; beets per bunch 8c; radish 10c a bunch; string beans 75c per bushel; peas $1 50 per bushel; new cabbage $1 50 per bbl.

EGGS—17@18c per dozen.

FLOUR—$7@10 00 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn 68@70c; oats 50@55.

GRASS SEED—Timothy $3 15@3 25 per bushel; clover 11@12c per lb; aisike 22@25 per lb; red top 70c per bushel.

HAY—$12 00@15 00; pressed $18.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 20@25 per box.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 7@78c. dividing on 80 pounds; lamb skins 35@30c; calf skins 13c; deacons 25@35c; wool skins $1 50@1 75; shearlings 15@20c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 00 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—12@15c.

MEAL—Corn 68@70c; rye $1 15@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes 65@75c per bushel; new potatoes $1 50 per bushel; Bermuda onions $1 50 per crate.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 12@14c; beef per side 9@9½c; ham 11@11½c; fowls 14@15c; lamb 13@14c; mutton 9@10c spring chickens 25c; round hog 8@8½c; sausages 12@14c.

SHORTS—$22@25 per ton.

SUPERPHOSPHATE—Sells at 2½@3c per lb. in packages, $40@50 per ton.

GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 50@6 00 per ton.

WOOL—Washed 30@33c; unwashed 23@26c.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 6.

APPLES—$3 00@3 25 per bbl; dried 4½@5c per lb.

BUTTER—18@20c for choice family; Vermont 24@25c per lb.

BEANS—Pea $2 75@2 90; Yellow Eyes $2 35@2 35.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory 9@11c; skim cheese 7@8c.

COAL—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.

FLOUR—Superfine $4 50@5 00; Spring X and XX $6 37@6 75; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 65@7 00; Patent spring wheat $8 12@8 25; St Louis winter best $7 25@7 50.

FISH—Cod Ship's $4 00@4 25; Shore $4 25@4 50; Herring $3 50@4 50; Scaled per bx 20@25c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $7 00@8 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots 61c; bag lots 64c per bushel; oats 51c; fine feed $21 00@24 00 per ton; shorts $24 00 per ton.

LARD—Per tierce 11¾@11¾c per lb; per tub 12@12½c; pail 12¾@13.

PROVISIONS—Beef side 6@7 and 8@11c; mutton 5@8c; chickens 16@18; turkeys 18@19c; eggs 17@18c; potatoes 75@80 per bushel; new potatoes $2 00 bushel; Chicago extra beef $10 50@15 25; pork backs $22 25@22 50; clear $21 25@21 50; mess $18 50@19 00; hams 10½c per lb.

WOOD—Soft mill wood $1 75@2 20 per cord delivered in the city.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 6.

APPLES—Baldwins, $3 75@4 50; common $3 00@3 50.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes $1 90@2 00 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $2 20@2 30.

BUTTER—Best, 16@18c per lb; fair to good. 14@16c per lb.

BARLEY—75@80c per bush.

EGGS—16c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats 53@55c per bush; corn 66c.

HAY—$12@14 per ton; pressed $13@15.

HIDES AND SKINS—Wool skins $1 00@2 00 each; hides 6½c per lb; veal skin 12@12½c per lb.

POTATOES—Best Early Rose, 45@50c per bush; Prolific 45@50c per bush; White 40c per bush.

PROVISIONS—Pork, country clear 13c; western clear 12c per lb; chickens 14@16c per lb.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, July 6.

United States Sixes,	1881,	(reg.)	102⅞
"	"	(coup.)	103¼
"	New 5's	(reg.)	102¾
"	"	(coup.)	102¾
"	New 4½	(reg.)	113⅞
"	"	(coup.)	114¾
"	New 4's	(reg.)	116¾
"	"	(coup.)	116¾
"	Pacific 6's	'95.	130

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 6.

FLOUR—We quote at $4 00@4 50 for Western Superfine; $4 50@5 00 for common extras; $4 75@6 00 for Wisconsin extras; and $5 00@6 50 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats range from $6 00@$6 37½ for Ohio and Michigan; $6 00@6 75 for Indiana; $6 50@7 00 for Illinois and St. Louis; patent Wisconsin and Minnesota spring wheats have been selling at $7 00@8 00 per bbl; and patent winter wheat at 6 50@7 75 per bbl. Corn in fair demand and sales at $2 60@2 75 per bbl. In Rye Flour the sales have been in lots at $6 00@6 25 per bbl. Oat Meal in good demand and sales at $5 25@6 00 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn sales of mixed and yellow have been in steady demand with sales of No. 1 and extra white at 60@61c; No. 2½ white at 47½c; No. 2 mixed and No. 3 white at 42@44c; per bushel. Shorts have been selling at 15@16 per ton.

PROVISIONS—There is a firm feeling for pork. The sales of prime have been at $13@13 25; mess at $17@17 25, and clear and extra clear at $20 50@22 per bbl., including backs. In Beef there is no change, with sales at $14@15 for mess and extra mess, and $13@14 for family. Lard is firm, and prices have advanced, with sales at 11⅜@11¾c per lb for city and Western. Smoked Hams are in demand, and have been selling at 10½@12c per lb. Dressed Hogs are firm, and prices have advanced. Sales of Western at 7¼@8¼c, and city at 8½@8¾c per lb.

PRODUCE—The sales of Western and Northern creamiries have been at 23@24c for choice and 20@22c per lb. for fair and good; New York and Vermont dairy at 21@23c for choice and 17@20c for fair and good; Western dairy packed at 18@20c for choice and 16@18c for fair and good; and Western ladle packed at 15@18c for choice and 12@15c for fair and good. Cheese has been in fair demand for export and consumption, with sales of choice at 9½@10c; fair to good at 8½@9c and common and skim at 3@6c per lb. Eggs have been in very fair demand and the sales have ranged from 15½@17c per dozen for the different kinds. Pea Beans have been in good demand, and are quite firm, with sales at $2.70@2.75 per bushel. Med um have been in moderate request at $2.50@2.54 per bushel. Yellow Eyes are selling at $2.50@2 25, and Red Kidneys are quiet, and prices nominal. New Potatoes have been arriving more freely from the South, and the stock of old is about exhausted. The sales of new have been principally from $2.25@2.50 per barrel, and old have ranged from 50@90c per bushel, as to quality. Peas are in fair demand, and prices are quite steady. New Apples are beginning to arrive, and have been sold at 75@$1.25 per crate. Strawberries and other kinds of Fruit have been arriving quite freely, and have been in fair demand at low prices.

Wool Market.

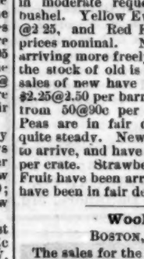
BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, July 6.

The sales for the week have been 2,500,000 lbs. of all kinds and include X and XX Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, at 42@43c; medium and No 1 Ohio at 45@46c; Michigan and Wisconsin X at 40@41c; fine delaine at 43@46c; closing at 45@46c and buyers are purchasing all available lots at these prices. Unwashed combing has been selling at 29@33c, including Kentucky at 32c per lb. Unwashed fleeces have been in demand at 16@23c for low and coarse, 25@33c for fine, and 27@35 for medium, including choice Western Virginia and good Georgia at 32c per lb. Spring California has been in demand and sales to some extent at 25@37c per lb. Fall California has been quiet and sales moderate, mostly inferior and odds and ends. Pulled Wool has been in steady demand, but stocks are light and supplies well sold up. Prices have ranged from 32@45b per lb. for super and X, including choice Eastern and Maine super at 43@45c.

The A. S. T. Co. ever since the introduction of the metal shoe tip by them, have been searching for some material that had its merits as to wear, and not its objectionable appearance. This they now have in their tip known as the A. S. T. Co. Black, and parents should ask for them.

HAVE WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all Throat and Lung Complaints. 50 cents and $1 a bottle. 1y42

Special Notices.



Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this powder from the Wine district of France. Always uniform and wholesome. Sold only in cans by all Grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum, dangerous to health; avoid them, especially when offered loose or in bulk. 1y29

BY UNIVERSAL ACCORD,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative pill that medical science can devise. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other pills can be compared with them, and every person knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

DR. SWEET'S ROOT BEER! A Summer drink—healthy and pleasant. Made from Lifeman, Wintergreen, Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, etc. Exceedingly valuable in derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Only 25 cents a package to make five gallons; by mail 35 cts. Prepared at the New England Botanical Depot, 245 Washington Street, Boston. GEO. W. SWEET, M. D., Proprietor.

N. B.—See that my name in red ink is on the end of each package. All others counterfeit. 12t38

The Greatest Discovery of the Age. For over thirty-four years DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT has been warranted to cure Croup, Colic, Spasms, Diarrhœa and Dysentry, taken internally, and Sore Throat, Pains in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches, and Swellings, externally, and not a bottle has been returned, many families stating that they would not be without it even if it was $10 a bottle. Sold by druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 43 Murray St., N. Y. 26t51

Married.

In this city, June 12, B. M. Parsons to Flora E. Nason; June 30, Capt. Ebed L. Murphy of Bath, to Maggie B. Coombs; June 25, Everette A. Shaw to Mary B. Hodgkins; July 4, James A. Jewett of Gardiner, to Emma Powers of Pittston.

In Auburn, June 25, Frank P. Manley to Nellie R. Stetson; June 28, Nicholas Loring to Mrs. Olive A. Bailey, both of Lewiston; June 28, Ethan A. Swift to Sadie A. Leighton, formerly of Pembroke.

In Augusta, June 26, James E. Kingsley to Alwilda Clark, both of Auburn.

In Bremen, June 23, Warren Poland to Estella French of Waldoboro.

In Belfast, June 28, Irvin B. Mower of Dexter, to Anne E. Cadwell.

In Boston Highlands, June 16, George R. Delaney to Annie Vickers, of Mass.

In Bath, June 29, Julius Ansert to Mrs. Ellen K. Starr.

In Bethel, June 22, Insley J. Young to Lizzie Bryant.

In Brighton, June 25, Asa P. Reed of South Brighton, to Nellie M. Sawyer of Naples; June 25, Fred Wellor to Isabella L. Houston.

In Boston, June 25, Robert Hallowell Gardiner to Alice Bange.

In Cherryfield, June 11, Benj. Brackett to Clara W. Fickett, both of Milbridge.

In Charlestown, P. E. I., June 16, Joseph D. Seaman to Sarah Jane Norton; June 5, Samuel James Senter of Pownal, to Isabella Ethel Bourke of Milview.

In Camden, June 18, Albert G. Perry to Cora McKenney; June 21, Parker C. George of Winterport, to Albertie F. Lamb.

In Caribou, June 19, Charles Humphrey to Ada Sands.

In Chelsea, June 23, Frank E. Woodward to Alice F. Colesworthy.

In Dead River, June 26, Charles W. Taylor to Gertie E. Purrell.

In Deering June 28, Frank J. Dennet of Hollis to Alena F. Bailey.

In Durham, N. H., May 15, Henry I. Morse of Portland to Mrs Alice J. Ingersoll of East Machias.

In Damariscotta, June 29, Charles L. Hiscock to Melinda R. Richards of Bremen.

In Ellsworth, June 25, Frank E. Moore to Tena F. Jordan; June 25, Elijah J. White of Orland, to Carrie A. Daniels.

In Eastport, June 15, William Knowles of Lubec, to Sarah L. Berryman of Hopewell, N. B.; June 25, Frank A. Crane to Katie Jones of West Lubec.

In Farmingdale, June 30, Lewis G. Collins to Arvilla S. Kennieston.

In Gorham, June 26, Frank H. Leavitt to Lilia Webster, both of Windham; June 14, G. E. Hodgkins to Nellie Goodrich, both of Gardiner; June 18, Arthur W. Pennico to Freda E. Mitchell.

In Houlton, June 20, George F. Davis to Maud Nadeau.

In Levant, June 20, Charles W. Freese to Savilla Brown, both of Exeter; June 25, Walter W. Wiley of Exeter, to Clara Bonis.

In Lisbon Falls, June 26, Lewis H. Duran of Durham, to Mary V. Hyde.

In Lamoine, June 20, Geo. W. Reynolds to Ermina Coggins.

In Leeds, June 11, Charles H. Berry to Julia Ann Grierwold.

In Mt. Vernon, June 21, C. C. Hale of Vienna, to Adelia V. F. Jose of Readfield; June 26, Benjamin F. Philbrick to Emma F. Harrington.

In North Sedgwick, June 18, Addison J. Young to Nellie M. Pendleton.

In New Vineyard, June 21, Hartson C. Lockhart to Mrs. Hannah P. McKinney of Farmington; June 25, Charles Adams to Abbie L. Harnden.

In New York, George W. Wright to Mary S. Thombs of Damariscotta.

In Orono, June 26, Orville F. McPheters of Milford, to Lizzie Hunter of Oldtown; George A. Carr to Vinnie Weymouth, both of Oldtown; June 26, Myron Haskell of Carmel to Mrs. M. A. Lincoln of Orono.

In Paris, June 18, W. F. Dunham to Mary L. Verrill.

In Portland, June 27, Frank B. Libby to Anna S. Fennell of Saccarappa; June 25, Geo. J. Washington of North Carolina, to Mrs. Margaret A. White; June 30, Wm. H. Perry to Mary F. McDonald.

In Rockland, June 27, Charles M. Graves of So. Thomaston, to Nancy B. Cole of Deer Island; June 24, Capt. Richard F. Smith to Ida M. Harding; June 25, George Albert Ames, to Helen L. Holmes; June 28, Cyrus W. Clark, of Boston, Mass., to Nellie R. Jones; June 29, William C. Low to Minnie B. Gay.

In Searsport, June 25, Levi S. Griffin to Ada E. Pendleton, both of Stockton.

In Southbridge, Mass., June 19, Augustus M. Bagley of Liberty, to Addie L. Lawson.

In St. John, N. B., June 22, John A. McRoberts to Helen L. Petch; June 23, Rev. John L. Dawson of Bermuda, to Grace Annie Lockhart; June 23, A. L. Law to Ella Murray; June 23, Thomas Jenkins to Mary E. Gabbie.

In Saccarappa, June 29, William Carroll to Cordelia L. Small, both of Westbrook.

In Steep Falls, June 25, C. L. Moore to Etta P. Sanborn, both of Standish.

In St. Stephen, June 20, Eben G. Leeman of Calais to Clara M. Boys, both of Maine.

In Saco, June 11, Charles M. Bradbury to Hattie F. Durgan of Biddeford.

In Springfield, Mass., June 23, L. McL. Jackson of Bermuda, to Estelle A. Fisher.

In Turner, June 24, Gilbert H. Sanders to Addie C. Williams, both of Livermore.

In Union, June 19, Alva L. Giles of Boothbay, to Cusy W. Drake; June 24, E. W. Hall of Nobleboro, to Maud M. Dunton.

In Upper Stillwater, June 26, Parker J. Page of Orono to Flora M. Rider.

In Waldoro, June 23, Thomas W. Hix of Rockland, to Mrs. Bertha A. Hahn.

In West Paris, June 21, Daniel C. Brooks to Mrs. Christiana Walker, both of Upton.

In Westbrook, June 28, Gardner H. Cobb of Deering to Adiaide L. Roberts.

Died.

In this city, June 30, Francis Towle, aged 62 years 7 July 5, Mrs. Marcia A., wife of Geo. A. Page, aged 47 years.

In Alberton, P. E. I., May 6, Mary Elizabeth, aged seven months; May 12, Annie Isabella, aged 6 years, only daughters of Joseph McGillvray.

In Albany, June 16, Col. Samuel P. Haskell, aged 73 years.

In Australia, April 15, Mrs. Sarah Finagan, formerly of Bangor, aged 56 years.

In Auburn, June 29, A. Herbert Gammon, aged

Poetry.

The Skein We Wind.

If you and I, to-day,
Should stop and lay
Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they will—
Fall down to lie quite still—
And if some other hand should come, and stoop to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,
Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep
Our life-work going; seek
To carry on the good design
Distinctly made yours, or mine,
What would it find?
Some work we must be doing, true or false;
Some threads we wind; some purpose so exalts
Itself that we look up to it, or down,
As to a crown
To bow before, and we weave threads
Of different lengths and thicknesses, some mere shreds—
And wind them round
Till all the skein of life is bound,
Sometimes forgetting at the task
To ask
The value of the threads, or choose
Strong stuff to use.
No hand but winds some thread;
It can not stand quite still till it is dead,
But what it spins and winds a little skein
God made each hand for work—not to obtain
Is required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand.
If Love shapes some,
Stooping above when we are done
To find bright threads
That we have held, that it may spin them longer,—find but shreds
That break, when touched, how cold,
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands will hold
The broken strands and know
Fresh cause for woe.

Our Story Teller.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

In the great picture of the scenes of New York life there is a wide contrast between the "lower half," with its untold misery and want, and the "upper half," with its dazzling brilliancy of fashion and wealth.

I had heard much of the lowliness and degradation of the Four Corners and my curiosity led me to visit some parts of the shaded vicinity and bid good-bye to the sunshiny portions for a while. After a long but brisk walk I soon reached the place. The surroundings might have given evidence of my approach to the desired spot if I had not known the way and had got there by mistake.

The first thing that arrested my attention was groups of ragged urchins, some of them busily engaged in making mud cakes in the street, probably imagining them rich cakes fit to eat, similar to those seen in the baker shop windows, and as I stood there a few moments studying each emotional mind, I heard from the corner of the street the following conversation. I drew nearer so that the words so thickly said might be more audible.

"Marm is crying orfully, Dick, and she told me to cum out her, fur she wanted ter be 'lone."

"What ails yer marm eny way, Bob, yer pa been beatin' her? I heard him last night making Cherry street howl with my old pa help, till the policeman came up and collared them off to the station house, I reckon."

"He hasn't been beating her; she would not take on so if 'twere her, but its the bebby; he's been telling he would kill it fur a long time, but ma's kept him away and many's the bruise she's got by it. Pa's good 'nuf when he ain't drunk, but that's mighty seldom."

Oh! thought I, here's intemperance in its worst features! I must investigate the father. I may lend aid to that mother. My inclinations led me to speak to this Bob, and a few minutes afer I found myself being led by this little ragged speck of humanity down dirty streets and alleys, by hovels of filth, where the bright sunshine of the afternoon seemed lost in the gloomy winds.

Never minding these gloomy scenes to us, we still sped on, nearer approaching an old, battered street door, worn and disfigured by time, but not dirty. No, it was clean; here was an exception among dozens of others covered with grim and dirt. Even in this vicinity—the vicinity of the Four Corners—one pair of hands had scoured and scrubbed the well-worn door, but this was Bob's "mum," as he expressed it.

He lifted the latch and cautioned me to be careful in ascending the stairs, for they were old and rickety. We opened the door and walked in together; of course she was somewhat startled at my appearance until I told her how I overheard Bob conversing with his friend and feeling interested in her I thought I would call and offer assistance. Kindly thanking me she passed me a little stool from the corner of the room and bade me sit down. I soon found by her talk, although broken by emotion and trying hard to suppress her tears, that she had not always been thus. "Oh, no! ma'am," said she, "it was not always as you find it now with us. I have seen brighter days, but you know what strong drink does for a man and his family, ma'am. You see what it has done for us. It has placed us in a low scale of life; it has brought us to hunger, want and misery; it is ruining that son of mine, once the hope and pride of my life, but I can't keep him at home. He gets led off in the wickedness around here, though he is naturally honest, but I am afraid, ma'am, rum will set his brain on fire one of these days.

"Look at that poor babe," she said, "the life is almost gone there, and I should not call it back again, she will soon be better off than she ever could be here."

Oh! that was a sad story; it caused tears to fall. I grasped that woman's hand and told her she should not suffer while I was there. She gave way to a flood of tears. After awhile, when she had dried her tears and we had a long talk, I bade her good-bye and returned home, but not alone. Oh, no! Bob went with me, and before the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, painting the western sky with a gorgeous red, my little Bob was returning home with a large, well-filled basket of provisions, while a load of coal was sent down immediately after. Before I laid my head to rest on my pillow that night I thanked him above for that glorious rain storm which detained me from returning home and had given me some chance to do one little grain of good in that great busy city.

What I had seen that day was only one among hundreds of just such dark scenes of New York life which belong to the shaded side of the picture. It was true that I had given them something that might do them good for a little while, but this was no satisfaction. I was interested in the woman; her husband was good when sober. Bob said so, although that was seldom. I felt if I could but talk with him in his sober moments perhaps I could persuade him to turn his steps back and escape the iron chains of this demon drink. I certainly would not feel reconciled to go home and leave things as they were, and before I had closed my eyes in sleep I had decided to stop a week longer in the city. The next day dawned bright and clear again, and immediately after breakfast I hurried down to the groceries where I found Bob at the door with his hands in his pockets and his eager blue eyes glistening with expectation. He gave me a hearty good morning, and I found he was prompt in obeying orders, as I told him the night before early in the morning to bring me and help me take some bundles down to his mother. I asked him if his father had been at home since I was there, and he replied that he had, "but," said he, "pa was just as drunk as ever, and this time he wuz mad because ma had no coppers to give him. She goes out 'round here to work and gets a penny once in a while, but she can't keep 'um away from him when he comes home drunk; she hid what you gave us last night, for if he ha' seen it he would ha' took it and pawned it fur hot stuff. We would have gone to bed without any supper last night, as we always do, if it hadn't been for you, and marm and I sat over those coals last night (which warmed us as we never had been warmed fur a long time) and talked how good you wuz to us."

When Bob had finished speaking we found ourselves facing once more the well-scrubbed street door, and I was only too glad, for the bundles were quite heavy.

Lifting the same old rusty latch of the inside door we hastily ascended. Bob's mother hearing our approach met us half way, and greeting me with a warm welcome, took some of the bundles out of my hand and opened the door which led into the one small and only room. Still she appeared in great distress of mind. She went up and stood by the bedside, motioning me to come that way. I went up and saw that the child was still alive.

"We must have a doctor," I said, "this child may be saved."

"Bob, you know where I am stopping, do you not?"

"Yes, marm."

"I believe there is a doctor there; go and see, and if he is in tell him to come home with you, for I am here and want to see him. Tell him your sister is sick and to come quickly."

Bob was soon on his way and after a minutes waiting brought the doctor.

"No," he said, "it was not too late," and with good care and nourishment Dr. S. said the child might be saved.

"Never fear, I will look out for that," I said.

We worked over the child for some time trying to cool the fevered brain, till at last it dropped into a quiet nap.

Bob, who had been standing speechless, looked up into my face (while I read in his face some wise motive,) and said:

"Dunt you s'pose if pa should kum hum not drunk and found the bebby better, and see how you'd helped us, do you s'pose he'd be good and not drink any more?"

"Let us hope so, Bob," I said.

Tears came to the mother's eyes, as she murmured:

"God grant that it may be thus."

Day after day flew quickly by, and I found myself still in New York, making my daily visit to the Four Corners, giving my friends all the aid and comfort in my power, but never as yet getting a single chance to meet the husband and father, for they said he did not seem to come home as often of late, and when he did come he was staggering and reeling from the effects of drink.

The dear old Thanksgiving day was close at hand. Although I had written those at home that I should not be with them I almost wished myself there the night previous to that eventful day. It was too late then, however.

Those who have tasted of the good old-fashioned dinners in country homes, consisting of the stuffed turkey, mince pie, doughnuts and the like, are the only ones that might sympathize with me at that time. Meditating a while on home matters and letting my friends at the Four Corners slip from my mind for the first time since our new and strange acquaintance, I hastily threw a shawl over my shoulders and tying a hat on my head, stepped into the street. As I was walking slowly along, buried deep in my thoughts, I heard light footsteps approaching me behind and turning round I found it to be Bob. "Oh, Miss, kum down hum quick. Father has been hum not drunk. Marm has been talking to him and he don't swear one bit. He sits right still and don't answer. Do come and let him see you."

"Bob," said I, "most certainly I will go, but wait a minute until I go back for a warmer shawl." Bob stood waiting for me quite impatiently, for he was afraid his father would leave the house without my seeing him, for he said:

"Marm has been talking with him about yer and he wanted ter see yer he sed, so I kum after you as quick as I could."

"Ah! and did he want to see me, Bob? Do you suppose I can persuade your father not to drink any more and to sign the pledge, so as to go to work sober and bring home his money nights so as to help you and your mother and make your home happy again?"

"Oh, ma'am, that is just what I want, for I think you ken do jest what you sed. He thinks more of what other folks say than he does marm and me; but—but ma'am, what do you mean by signing a pledge? Will that keep him from taking hot stuff?"

"Yes, Bob, in one sense of the word it will. It will make him a better man every way." By the time we had reached Bob's home it was quite dark. He led the way up the stairs once again. I longed to see the father of this little honest Bob, and still dreaded to meet him. Opening the door we went in. Bob's mother gave me a warm grasp of the hand and whispered. "He is here at last, and sober. The baby is getting real smart." This was good news. When I went in I found her sleeping sweetly.

"William! William! will you not turn around? We have a caller, the one that comes daily and has done us so much good. Have you nothing to say to him, William?"

Slowly, slowly, the chair turned around. Slowly he raised his head from his hands, and I saw before me a blear-eyed face, but only a moment did I see it, for it was filled with shame, grief and misery. Bowing the gray-haired head into his hands, he wept—this man who had brought his family to the very face of starvation.

Those must have been bitter tears, but they made us happy, for they were tears of repentance and remorse. "My dear William," said his wife, after we had had a talk, "do you think you will try hard never to touch another drop of liquor?"

"Never, wife, never. May God help me."

"God will help you," I cried. "He will help you by giving you strength, which is gained in the bands of good society—the society of temperance people—binding you around with the golden links of friendship, and will lead you into society that will lend you a helping hand, which I wish to do, through the instrumentality of signing the pledge? "Sign the pledge! Me sign the temperance pledge! Yes, I will, I will try." But hark, there are footstep ascending the stairs. Ah, it was my friend, whom I had been stopping with, getting anxious, who had come for me.

The door opened, my friend walked in, and the story was soon told.

"You will join to-night, will you not?" I said. "To-night is the best time. Go with us, and your wife, too. Leave Bob with the baby, and he shall go next night."

"Yes, you must go, too, wife," he said, as he went tremblingly up to her, with the tears still softly rolling down his cheeks. "Yes, I will go. You shall have me to steady your pen when you write your name. My son Robert," said the happy mother, "you are six years old to-day, and to-morrow your father will be a temperance man." Some time after leaving the dark Four Corners, we found ourselves wending our way through the brilliantly lighted streets of the "upper half." We soon approached the temperance rooms, my friend and I leading the way. At last we were at the door.

"William, William," said the wife, "You will not turn back from these good friends?"

"Never. I will not falter this time. God knows I have done that too often." Then speaking to us, he said: "Friends, lead the way, for I know nothing of a place like this. I hardly know myself around here."

Tremblingly he lifted his feet over the threshold—a grand step towards the right, and hardly knowing what he did, followed us in, his wife behind. Approaching an unoccupied seat, he sat down. Many faces turned towards us with wonder, although many other scenes similar to this had taken place there.

The meeting was soon called to order, and all eyes were then turned toward the president.

In one corner of the room, on a little sideboard, a row of glasses was arranged, containing sparkling water. Down at the president's desk, at the right of him, stood a stand with pen, ink and paper. "Now," said the president, rising, "Let us have some singing. "We will sing," said the young lady who presided at the organ. "Unfurl the Temperance Banner." Oh, what music! Ah, could my eyes deceive me? He could not wait for them to cease singing. No, the music gave him strength. He could go then, his wife following.

Ah! my cup was full. It made me happy. Before the choir had finished singing, a shout went up from the crowd, followed by a general clapping of hands, and that man had signed the pledge—signed it without his wife to steady the pen. Then he laid it into her hand, and trembled so that several aided him in getting to a seat. Another clapping of the hands followed, with speeches of congratulation. Ah! I felt as if I might say good-bye to my friends and return home, satisfied with these thoughts—that I had helped let a few beams of sunlight into the dark and gloomy crevices of the Four Corners.

It has been six long years since that time. I am happy to say that their conditions have changed much for the better. They now live on a neat little farm on the outskirts of the city, a prosperous temperance family.

Wit, Humor and Pleasantries.

—John Hanks, an Illinois farmer, used to be one of Abraham Lincoln's most intimate acquaintances. He says: "I was well acquainted with his wife, Mary Todd, before he married her, but never knew there was an engagement between them until about two weeks before the marriage took place." His invitation to the wedding read as follows:—Dear Hanks: I am to be married next Thursday eve., the 18th, to Mary Todd. I hope you will be on deck at early candlelight. A. LINCOLN.

—There was joy on the farm when Ben, the oldest boy, came back from college in his sophomore year, and the village was proud of him. "Cheese it, cully," he said, when he met an old friend, the son of a neighbor who joined farms with his father; "cheese it, cully; shove us your flipper, clench daddies, pardy. How's his nibs, and what's the new racket?" And his proud old father said: "It was just worth more'n twice's the money to hear Ben rattle off the Greek just like a livin' language."

—Patrick responded to an advertisement of "An American wanted as coachman." "Are you an American?" asked the gentleman. "O, I am surr," answered Patrick. "Where were you born?" "In Oireland, surr; County Cork." "County Cork, eh?" mused the gentleman. "How is it that you are an American when you were born in Ireland?" "Faix, surr," said Patrick, "I'm bothered about that same mesilf, surr."

—Two men and a kitten intend crossing the Atlantic in an open boat fourteen feet long. The Society for the protection of animals should prevent the kitten's going.

—When a young man wants to protect a young lady he naturally puts his armor round her.

—A most ingenious paradox: Blackberries are red when they are green.

For the Maine Farmer.

Dress.

Your correspondent Mary who wrote in the Woman's Column recently, on "Soda and Friendship," asks somebody to write on "Dress." She didn't mean me of course, but you just give "Probe" a chance in your columns on that one subject, for I am just at home when you begin to talk about dress and fashion. I have two girls and a wife—so, turn it round, a wife and two girls—and I look at them sometimes in amazement, the girls I mean, and I say to myself, in the language of Thompson, "Loveliness needs not the aid of foreign ornaments, but is when unadorned, adorned the most," yet no heathen god or goddess ever had more zealous devotees to fashionable dressing—and not only in my family circle, but all over the land, from Washington to Augusta, fashion rolls its towering waves—and her laws like those of the Medes and Persians, must be implicitly obeyed, but unlike them, change as often as does the moon. They are rarely founded in reason, usually violate common sense, sometimes common decency, and uniformly common comfort. Care, fatigue, vexation, envy, jealousy, loss of health, and a waste of wealth are the bitter fruits she gives to her devotees; often producing the consumption of poverty and the pleurisy of blue ruin. I hate fashion as the *Ignis Fatuus* of fancy, for she imposes unanticipated burdens, without regard to the strength or means of her hoodwinked followers, cheating them out of time, fortune and happiness, and repaying them with the consolation of being ridiculed by the wise—a kind of remuneration rather paradoxical, but most graciously received.

Semblance and shade are among her attributes. It is of more importance for her worshippers to appear happy than to be so. Fashion makes folly the originator and conductor of ceremonies, all of which are based on the rickety foundation of vain show; each routine of which must be passively adhered to until the fickle goddess shakes her kaleidoscope again, and then, O Jupiter! what a bustle—not the behind variety bustle—but such a scampering to obey the mandate of the tyrant. It could not be eclipsed by ten thousand rats if puss and weasle should bounce upon them at once. The least murmuring or halting on the part of a recusant is punished with instant excommunication from the fashionable community. If fashion requires next 4th of July oblations from the four quarters of the globe, they must be had if health, wealth and happiness are the price; five thicknesses of woolen, if the sun, Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune are all against the earth, roasting us to a brown, no matter, disease laughs and death grins at the folly of the goddess and the zeal of the worshippers. If she orders a bag full of notions on the hips, a Chinese shoe on the foot, a short cut half a yard in circumference, a trail three quarters long, a hoop, or a sleeve, or no sleeve or no dress for the upper part of the form, a sprig of grain, or a butterfly for a bonnet, she is obsequiously obeyed by the fashionable ladies, and lauded by their beaux. If she orders her male subjects to produce a crop of corns on their feet with tight boots, or to contract their muscles with straps at both ends of their trowsers, and adorn themselves with hemp cords suitable for a hangman, and to play all the monkey shines of a coxcomb, with chains dangling, ratan flourishing, and soaplocks floating in the breeze, they are just as ready to obey, being equally tractable and docile as the feminine exquisites. Now we profess to be a Christian people, and yet we worship a god in America with more zeal than any Hindoo priest—and our god fashion taxes without reason, and collects without mercy.

When looking at the frivolity of fashion I think of the boy who traced the style of dress from the country to the nearest town, thence to Philadelphia, then to New York, then to Boston, then to Paris, and from thence to the Devil. If this tyrannical hussy would be content with seducing the rich from the path of common sense, only for a short time, and would leave them something for old age, when she can no longer receive their adulation, she might have some claim to generosity; but no, she not only strips them as clean as a turkey for roasting, but, leaving them to their shame, she goes into the cottage and hovel searching for victims; she takes tools by storm, and the wise by deception and bribery, and makes the Mordecais and Daniels tremble at the gong sound of trumpet-tongued ridicule. Not only the vain and giddy with their pretty locks trained to cover their intelligent foreheads, indicating them to be thoughtless and rattlebrained, but the shame of many a statesman and philosopher, moralist and Christian—more or less of all classes pay tithes, at least, into the treasury of this transatlantic, Americanized, brazen-faced goddess, who is constantly importing the extravagances of European courts to smother republican simplicity. Fashion is the foster mother of vanity, the offal of pride, and has nursed her pet until it is as fat as a sea turtle, as wicked to bite, and harder to kill. Now lady readers of the FARMER, if you love freedom more than slavery, liberty more than thraldom, happiness more than misery, competence more than poverty, never bow your heart, head or knee to the goddess fashion or love of dress.

PROBE.

God or Mammon.

There is nothing more deceitful than the idea of gaining the esteem and good opinion of the world by familiarizing ourselves and mixing often with it. The more the world sees us, except in our public duties, the more will it either hate or despise us. It hates us from the instant it feels that we will not put up with its manners. Let us very rarely have anything to do with it, and we shall appear in its eyes with greater dignity and be treated with greater respect. Let us attend to every due and proper call which the world may justly require of us, as well as to all the demands of charity and good works, but let us always conduct ourselves as the embassadors of Jesus Christ, as in some sense filling his place. It is then, only then, that our character, under the grace and providence of God, will be to us a safeguard against every temptation. But if we seek the world for the sake of the world we must conform to its taste and its manners. We should be badly received upon the present ground were we to carry there that holy gravity which should never forsake us. We should derange its pleasures, disconcert its assemblies and its liberty of speech. We should be an intolerable burden to it. Our presence alone would be horrible, and it would say of us as the enemies or holiness say of the righteous man in the Wisdom of Solomon, "He is grievous to us to behold!" There is no alternative. We must die to the world or partake of its spirit. We cannot serve God and mammon.—*Dr. Coke.*

A Hope Which is a Certainty.

Let us not fling away the treasures of our hearts' desires upon trifles and earth. Let us not "set our hopes on that which is not," nor paint that misty wall that rings round our present with evanescent colors like the landscapes of a dream. We may have a hope which is a certainty, as sure as a history, as vivid as a present fact. Let us love and trust to him who has been manifested to save us from our sins, and in whom we behold all the grace and truth of God. If our eyes have learned to behold and our hearts to love him whom we have not seen, amid all the bewildering glares and false appearances of the present, our hopes will happily discern him and be at rest amid the splendors of that solemn hour when he shall come in his glory to render to every man according to his works. With that hope, the future, near or far, has no fears hidden in its depths. Without it, there is no real anchorage for our trembling hearts, and nothing to hold by when the storm comes. The alternative is before each of having no "hope"—or "looking for that blessed hope." God help all to believe that Christ has come for me! Then I shall be glad when I think that Christ will come again to receive me unto himself!—*Alexander McLaren, D. D.*

Sabbath Rest.

I wish all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the six days from the seventh; in anchoring the business ships of your daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow or the ebb until Monday morning comes again. Oh, the delight, the lull of feeling: "No need to settle this question, no need to think of this piece of work for a whole, long, sweet thirty-six hours." Why do you take Sunday papers, to keep your nerves astir with business on the Lord's own day of rest? Why do you add up and consult and consider in the pause of the sermon or make opportunity for a business whisper in the porch and on the way home? Why do you let the perplexities of servants, of means, of plans, ruffle your spirit on the one great day of freedom? Do you not know that even a debtor may walk abroad on Sunday without fear of a prison, and house doors may stand open and no sheriff can enter? Shall it be worse with your mind than with your body?

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born."

It is the high court of the Prince of Peace.

Young Folks' Column.

A Summer Prayer.

Turquoise-breasted birds have sung the spring away;
Pink arbutus leaves have blushed farewell to May;
There's a soft, sweet presence hovering on high—
There's the whole of summer in the summer sky.
When the daylight flutters from their swinging nests,
Rise enraptured welcomes from enraptured breasts;
When the clouds of sunset stream like burning lights,
There's the faint, low warbling of their soft good-nights.

There are rivers murmuring as they onward go,
That the pale spring loosened into fuller flow;
Now a wider glory in their sparkling hides—
There's a summer passion in their throbbing tides,
Thin wings, sunshine-dusted, thro' the noontides go—
Butterflies in silence fluttering to and fro;
There's the whole ripe sweetness of the spring gone by—
There's the whole of summer in the summer sky!

—*Wide Awake.*

The Wishing-Stone and How it Was Lost.

It was so long ago that nobody is alive who remembers anything about it. There was an old woman, a hundred years old. Her grandmother told her the story, and she wrote it down with a heron's feather—a great white heron that flew over between dawn and daylight, and was only a gray speck against the gray sky. The grandmother was a witch, and understood what the birds said, and that is how she came to hear the sparrows at Lilbury Abbey say to each other it was a good thing the wishing-stone was lost, since so much trouble came of it. This is the true story of how it happened: the brown sparrow told it to the stone man on the monument, while his mate brooded her eggs. The stone man held the nest in the hollow of his hand, and stood quite still, night and day, not to disturb it.

"They are sweeter than the sweetest, the roses that grow in the garden, and all the blossoms have tongues of gold. When the wind blows over them they ring together, and the music is rare as the Christmas chimes up in the steeple."

"I have heard it," said the mate, ruffling her throat.

"There is a fountain. The water goes up, up, high as the lark goes, and when it comes down it is all pearls, and rubies, and bits of rainbows. It sings, too, and no one can guess what the music is like."

"I have heard it," said the mate, her wings trembling with ecstacy.

"The road to the mountain passes through the garden, and the gates are always open, because the Princess will always have it so. One is called the Morning Gate, and that is where the people enter. They go on by the rose-walk until they come to the fountain. When one looks through the spray, the mountain is very beautiful; all its roads lie in sunshine, and the city runs near by. So the people hasten on, and they never come back. I should come back, Petra."

"And I," said the little mate, but the stone man listened, and did not say a word.

"Long ago the wishing-stone lay by the fountain; a broad, white stone, like those in the Abbey here. The stone was enchanted. A troll put it there, and whoever sat upon it had whatever he first wished; but if he wished anything selfishly, he was turned into a hard, smooth stone, and the troll carried him away to build his palace under ground. A great many people came into the garden then, who never went out, but the Princess could not undo the spell or take away the stone. The last person who sat upon it was a beggar-girl. She was poor, she was lame, she was hunchbacked, and she was always hungry. She sat down upon the stone, and laid her crutches on the grass beside her. Two little birds sang in her ear, one on the right hand and one on the left. They were enchanted too. One sang 'Wishiwas! wishiwas!' and the other sang 'Wishihad! wishihad!' So the beggar-girl looked up at the blue sky and the bright drops falling from the fountain, and began to wish.

"'I wish all the sick folks, and the tired folks, and the lonesome folks could come and hear what the water sings about, and what nice talk the trees make to the wind.'

"'Wishiwas! wishihad!' sang the little birds, and she wished again.

"'I wish all the poor children that work in the mill, and pick up rags, and never had good times, could come here and smell the roses and feel the sunshine.'

"'Wishihad! wish, wishihad!' sang the birds, so soft she might have thought the song was in her heart.

"'I wish all the poor babies, and the very littlest children, and the old, old people, could come here and look at the fountain, and maybe have a flower to keep for their very own.'

"Just as she said this she sprang up, for the stone began to sink into the ground, and when she turned about there was nothing but a smooth little hole like a nest, brimful of daisies and buttercups. For you see she had broken the spell by wishing three wishes for others, and never once thinking of herself. They say she had all her wishes, but that was the end of the stone, and for my part I think it was well it was lost. When one has many wishes, some of them are sure to be foolish."

"That is very true," said the mate; but no one knows what the stone man thought about it.

A Boy's Influence.

Many, many years since, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall visited Ireland, previous to writing their well-known work descriptive of its scenery and customs. On the occasion of their visit to Glendalough, the far-famed district of the Seven Churches, they observed a young lad seated on one of the tomb-stones, who immediately on their approach, doffed his cap, and offered his services as guide over the district.

A bargain was soon struck, and the party drove off. The lad full of the quaint old legends of the place, did the work well, and to the entire satisfaction of his employers. Returning home after a day's thorough enjoyment, Mr. Hall took a flask from his pocket, and after partaking of the contents, offered some to the lad. To his utter astonishment, the offer was firmly but politely declined.

To Mr. Hall, such a thing was inexplicable. An Irish boy who would not even taste whiskey was indeed a stranger sight than any he had seen during the day. He could not understand it. Resolved to test the lad's principles, he offered him a shilling, then half a crown, then five shillings, if he would drink the poisonous drug, but the lad was firm. Under the ragged jacket there throbbed a true heart. Mr. Hall determined, however, to conquer, if possible, and finally offered him half a sovereign, a coin not often seen by lads of his class in these parts. It was a wicked act and proved too much for the politeness even of an Irish boy.

Drawing himself up in something well-nigh akin to indignation, and pulling a temperance medal from the fold of his ragged jacket, he firmly told Mr. Hall, "that for all the money his honor might be worth he would not break his pledge."

The history was soon told. It had belonged to the lad's father, who had spent the prime of his days in the service of the cruellest of task-masters—drink. Until the advent of the genuine apostle of temperance happiness had been unknown in yon home on the hillside. But with his advent, peace and joy prevailed. The medal was now round the lad's neck—a father's dying legacy to his son. Hence this noble and firm resolve. Nor was his heroism in vain. It was too much for Mr. Hall, who there and then screwed the top on to the flask, and threw it into the lake by the side of which they stood. Since that day and entirely through the influence of that lad, Mr. and Mrs. Hall have been staunch teetotalers, aiding the movement by tongue and pen.

But One God.

The following beautiful incident (says the New York Observer,) is communicated to us by a correspondent:—

In one of the classes of the Sabbath school connected with the church in H—, the teacher was one day talking with his class about God. He asked, "who made the world?" A bright little boy answered, "God." He then asked, "How many Gods are there?" The same boy answered, "Only one." He asked, "Where is God?" "Everywhere," said the little boy. "But why is there only one God?" asked the teacher. The lad hesitated for a moment, and looking up, as if almost afraid to say what he thought, replied, "There isn't room for any more."

In a Newburyport, Mass., family, where there are two boys, one of them brought home a worthless curr, to the disgust of the rest of the family. At last an older sister offered him a half a dollar if he would give the dog away. He assented and pocketed the coin. When night came, prompted by curiosity, she asked the little fellow to whom he had given his dog, and was told with charming naivete—"Oh, I've given him to brother!"

A student at Oxford University on being asked "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

Little Edna, three years old, came running in one warm summer day saying, "Mamma, can my tootles (feet) go bare-headed?"

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